

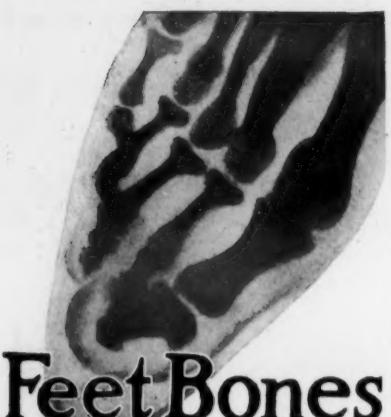
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



DETROIT LIBRARY
AUG - 8 1912
UNIV. OF MICH.

Off the Dock



Feet Bones

Are You Unkind to Yours?

If you put your feet into narrow, pointed, bone-bending shoes, the result is like that shown in X-ray photo above. Foot-bones treated as unkindly as these retaliate with corns, ingrowing nails, fallen arch, etc.

Educators are kind shoes. They "let the child's feet grow as they should"; they free the bent bones of grownups, giving kind relief; they banish ill feet. And they "look as good as they feel."

The name Educator is branded on the sole. If your dealer does not keep Educators write us for catalog, and we'll see that you get a pair. Prices from \$1.35 for Infants' to \$5 for Men's Specials.

We also make the famous All America and Signet shoes for men, and the Marfair for women.

EDUCATOR SHOE 
TRADE MARK REG.

Lets the foot grow
as it should

"Comfortable
As an Old Shoe,
Yet Proud to
Pass a Mirror"

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.
16 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, U. S. A.

How to Accumulate \$1,000.00

Not a difficult thing to do. Buy one of our Easy Payment, Profit-sharing 5% Coupon Trust Bonds, paying interest semi-annually, and issued in denominations of \$1,000.00, up. Write now for our Free Booklet De Luxe. It describes our new method of saving.

GUARANTEE TRUST AND BANKING CO., Atlanta, Ga.
Bond Department Established 1899
CAPITAL \$500,000.00



Gives Keen Edge To Appetite

Lea & Perrins' Sauce adds much to the real enjoyment of many dishes. It adds zest to every meal. It aids digestion.

LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Improves the flavor of Hot or Cold Meats, Soups, Fish, Gravies, Stews and Hashes. A necessity for good Chafing Dish Cooking.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N.Y.



Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 83

THERE is but one commandment in advertising. First, last and all the time it is:

Deliver the goods as advertised.

No article can attain a national sale except through some form of advertising, but it does not follow that a well-advertised article will hold this sale.

If, at first, it sells through advertising and future demand wanes, something is wanting somewhere—and that something, nine times out of ten, is value.

That well-known brand you see advertised in the better class of magazines from week to week, year in and year out, making its constant appeal, you may be sure has merit.

Merit because, somewhere in a factory, a maker has high ideals, has spent time, energy and money to perfect and make flawless his product. And it is safe to say, if he advertises in Collier's and many other representative American publications, that his goods are all that he claims for them.

And in getting a national distribution by national advertising, you, the consumer, are benefited by getting the best and newest at a minimum cost.

To b. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department



Send Your Voice on Your Errands by

Western-Electric Inter-phones

Two or three of these little instruments in your home will bring comfort and save no end of stair climbing these hot days. You will find them easy to obtain, but hard to get along without when once they've been tried.

What the telephone is in your social life, the Inter-phone will prove in the management of your home—not a high-priced luxury, but a modern necessity. Less than \$15 will buy this outfit, including two Inter-phones and the necessary wire, batteries, etc.

We can furnish your Inter-phones direct or through the nearest reliable dealer. Write us for Booklet No. 7643, "The Way of Convenience."

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 6,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

New York	Chicago	Kansas City	San Francisco	Montreal	London
Buffalo	Milwaukee	Oklahoma City	Oakland	Toronto	Berlin
Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Dallas	Los Angeles	Winnipeg	Paris
Boston	Cincinnati	Houston	Denver	Calgary	Rome
Richmond	Cleveland	Minneapolis	Salt Lake City	Edmonton	Johannesburg
Atlanta	Indianapolis	St. Paul	Portland	Vancouver	Sydney
Savannah	St. Louis	Omaha	Seattle	Antwerp	Tokyo

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

Collier's Congressional Record

Collier's maintains an office at Washington for the purpose of answering inquiries from Collier subscribers and readers, concerning Congress and the work of the Government at Washington.

The information is supplied entirely without charge and absolutely without restriction.

The office performs, among others, these functions:

—maintains a simplified digest of the official Congressional Record

—keeps and furnishes to applicants a record of the vote of Congress on bills of general interest

—furnishes the record of the vote of any member of Congress on any measure or on all the important measures in any session

—keeps and furnishes to applicants the legislative history of every important measure

—is prepared to furnish data obtainable only by constant, first-hand observation of the work of Congress, both on the floor and in the obscurer channels of closed committee-rooms

In general, answer all requests for information about the work of Congress and members of Congress and the National Government.

Remember, this is

Free to Collier readers

ADDRESS

**COLLIER'S
CONGRESSIONAL
RECORD**

Munsey Building
Washington, D.C.

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co. receive free notice in the Scientific American.

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

STUDY

LAW

AT

HOME

The Sprague Correspondence School of Law,
248 American Bidg., Detroit, Mich.

COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF MUSIC

CLARE OSBORNE REED, Director
Assisted by an eminent faculty of 50 teachers. Offers a complete education in Piano, Voice, Violin, Theory, and Public School Music Methods, leading to graduation and degree.

12th Annual Session Will Begin September 9

REGISTRATION WEEK SEPT. 2

For catalogue address the REGISTRAR, Box 14, Ohio Bidg., 509 So. Wabash Av., Chicago, Ill.

Be A PHYSICAL DIRECTOR

Fall Term opens Sept. 18. Two year course. Attend a reconditioning course. Ours is the largest institution for women in the West. 300 graduates. Dormitory. For catalog address, Chicago School of Physical Education, Mrs. Robert L. Parsons, Director, Box K, 430 E. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

School For Nurses THE PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL OF CHICAGO. Affiliated with Rush Medical College of the University of Chicago offers a three year course. Listed by the State of Illinois. Special eight hour working day. New modern building in construction. Address PRINCIPAL, Box 104, Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, Ill.



"WILL YOU KINDLY

advise me if it would be safe to send for a ?--naming a well-known article. "The reason I ask is because I notice they have stopped advertising in Farm Journal."

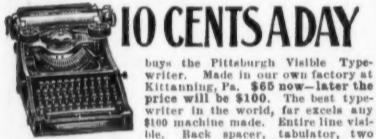
--so reads a letter from Mr. J. K. Freeman, of Bridgeport, Mass.--

--a sermon in itself in favor of continuous advertising to the farmer.

When he misses an advertiser from the paper he reads regularly, he wonders why--and this may happen just when he is ready to buy.

Wilmer Atkinson Company
Publishers
FARM JOURNAL
Philadelphia

Oct. forms close $\frac{1}{3}$ -
May over 750,000 copies
@ 3.50 a line



buys the Pittsburgh Visible Type-writer. Made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa., \$65 now—later the price will be \$100. The best type-writer in the world, far excels any \$100 machine made. Entire line visible.

Buy a special typewriter, two keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free for a very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One Free and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter "Mail your Free Offer."

THE PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER CO. Dept. 52, Union Bank Bldg. PITTSBURGH, PA.

"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have important roller chain, spindles and pedals; New Departure Counter Brakes and Holes; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. Guaranteed 5 years.

FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from \$12 up. A few good second-hand machines \$5 to \$8.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL We ship on freight prepaid, anywhere in U. S., without a cent in advance. DO NOT BUY a bicycle before you have seen anyone's any price until you get our big new catalog and special prices and a marvelous new offer. A postal brings everything. Write it now.

TIRES Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts, accessories. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. P-54, CHICAGO

Michigan College of Mines

F. W. McNair, President

Located in the Lake Superior District. Mines and Mills accessible for College Work. For Year Book and Record of Graduates apply to President or Secretary.

HOUGHTON, MICHIGAN



The largest number of successful clients is our proof of Patents that PROTECT. Send 8c stamps for new 128 p. book of Vital Interest to Inventors. R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 51, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

PATENTS Inventors of wide experience employ my method. So will you eventually. Why wait? Just send for my free book. W. T. Jones, 300 G Street, Washington, D.C.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

AUGUST 10, 1912

SATURDAY

VOLUME XLIX

NO. 21

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS

ROBERT J. COLLIER, President

CHARLES E. MINER, Secretary

FRANKLIN COR., Vice President

JOHN F. OLTROGGE, Treasurer

416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

LONDON: 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. For sale by Saarbach's News Exchange in the principal cities of Europe and Egypt; also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, London, W. C.

TORONTO, ONTARIO: 6-8 Colborne Street.

Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$6.80 a year. Christmas and Easter Special Issues, 25 Cents.

Off the Dock. Cover Design . . . Drawn by Adolph Treidler

Ready. Cartoon Drawn by Cesare 5

Editorials 6

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Illustrated with Photographs

The Present Situation Mark Sullivan 11

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"Throw it, durn ye! Throw it!" . . . Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom 14

Double-page Drawing in Color

Nobs. Story J. S. Clouston 16

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

The Leading Man. Story Virginia Tracy 18

Illustrated by Karl Anderson

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

MAKE YOUR COAL Deliver ALL Its Heat

By Installing
The Honeywell System

This system includes improved methods of piping and patented devices to be installed in connection with any make of boilers or radiators. Its economy and efficiency is proven. Absolutely automatic. No attention to draughts and dampers. The

HONEYWELL SYSTEM OF HOT WATER HEATING

has brought health and comfort to nearly 100,000 homes—heating to 70 degrees in zero weather.

It provides the utmost desirable range of water temperature, from 85 to 240°—and the water never boils.

Our free booklet explains all these points of safety, economy and efficient, health-giving service. Get it today. Honeywell Heating Specialty Co., 131 Main St., Wabash, Ind.



My Book Is Free



I have just finished a 434-page book that I believe will help you realize more fully the possibilities of nature from the standpoint of health, pleasure and comfort. I had this in mind as well as the commercial idea, for, of course, this book is intended to sell goods.

I have camped, canoed, hunted, fished and trapped from my childhood days. I am a baseball, tennis and golf enthusiast as well. I ought to understand this business thoroughly; at any rate, it is my pride,

Ask for Catalog and Guide No. 253

All the hundreds of things this book describes are sold under a strict guarantee. If any item doesn't measure up to standard, just write and send it back. My book is free, if you mention No. 253.

Powhatan R. Robinson, President

New York Sporting Goods Co., 15 and 17 Warren St., N. Y.



YOUR CHANCE AWAITS YOU SOMEWHERE

Yes—*your* chance. Special training will help you find it. The I. C. S. will bring special training to you—no matter where you live. So, if you are *really* willing, and *really* ambitious, mark the attached coupon and learn how you can find *your* chance through I. C. S. help.

Salary increases and better positions won through I. C. S. help are being *voluntarily* reported by I. C. S. students at the rate of over 400 every month. Many of these men could only read and write when they enrolled—they had had no schooling to speak of—but they *won* because the I. C. S. made everything easy.

You can win just as easily—with-out leaving home or giving up work. Marking the coupon puts you under no obligation. Then, mark it *now* and learn how you can find *your* chance.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 1198 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Electrical Engineer	Civil Service
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Bookkeeping
Telephone Expert	Stenography & Typewriting
Architect	Window Trimming
Building Contractor	Show Card Writing
Business Executive	Lettering and Sign Painting
Structural Engineer	Advertising
Concrete Construction	Commercial Art
Mechanic, Engineer	Conventions Illustrating
Mechanical Draftsman	Industrial Designing
Civil Engineer	Commercial Law
Mine Superintendent	Teacher
Stationary Engineer	English Branches
Boiling & Steam Fitting	Poultry Farming
Gas Engines	Agriculture
Automobile Running	French
	German

Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

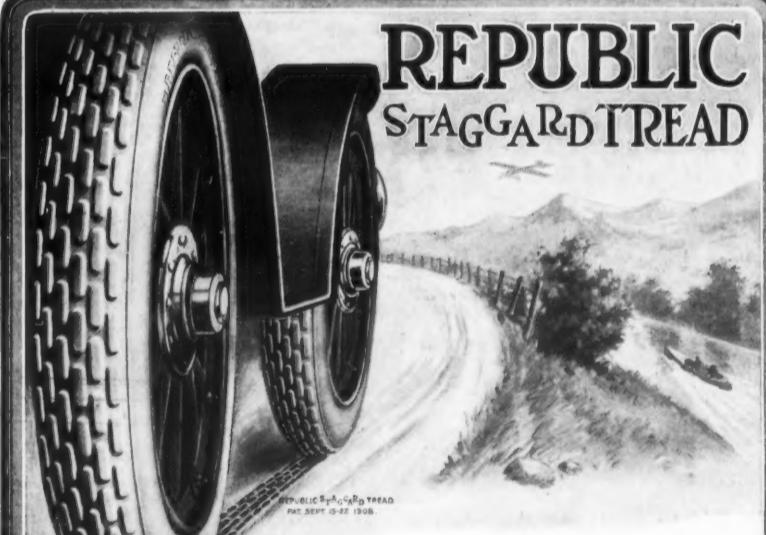
Age _____

The Original

EFFECTIVE NON-SKID TIRE

REPUBLIC

STAGGARD TREAD



Make Your August Tours

on skid-proof tires. Take no chances on the occasional mud-holes you are bound to encounter in the hollows; on slippery grass as you pass your brother motorist.

Put Republic Staggard Tread Tires on your rims. The long, tough studs (six rows of them, set longitudinally) hold the road like a spiked wheel, giving perfect traction, preventing slewing and skidding.

And don't forget to put in a couple of spare Republic Black-line Red Inner Tubes. Once you have used them, and learned their easy riding qualities, their double service, you will have no other inner tube. Made only of the finest up-river Para rubber, in a Compound that yields the greatest resiliency and wear.

THE REPUBLIC RUBBER COMPANY, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in the Principal Cities

Big Money
With our Diamond Post Card Gun;
takes pictures and Negatives
Postals, Buttons, all sizes in One
Minute—Large profit.
International Metal & Ferro Co.
Dept. 58, Chicago, Illinois.

\$750 up

Aug. 10

Essenkay—the Wonderful Substitute for Air Ends Punctures and Blowouts Forever Cuts Tire Bills in Half

The tire problem is solved—motoring's menace removed—finally and forever. Instead of tire weakness Essenkay gives you tire strength—instead of trouble and expense it gives you tire satisfaction and economy.

The greatest convenience ever offered motordom—that is the national verdict. And thousands of satisfied users heartily, enthusiastically, sincerely endorse it. Dealers everywhere report enormous sales.

Essenkay Has Won on Merit Alone

It has proven itself. The evidence is concise—conclusive—astoundingly convincing.

Actual use in thousands of tires has proven that Essenkay makes punctures and blowouts impossible.

Actual use in thousands of tires has proven that it gives every advantage of air with none of the latter's faults.

Actual use in thousands of tires decisively demonstrates that it cuts your tire bills in half and greatly reduces upkeep.

Wonderful Resiliency!

Its resiliency beggars description. You'll never know—never

realize—never appreciate the smooth, easy riding qualities of Essenkay until you have tried it. Its use is the only proof.

Essenkay a Remarkable Substance

Essenkay is not a dubious remedy—it is a positive cure for tire troubles.

It's totally different from other tire fillers. There's not an atom of rubber in it.

It won't rot, run or crumble. It is impervious to heat, cold and the elements. Proof against acids, chemicals and gases.

Essenkay is not a fluid or semi-solid. It is in moulded form—ready to insert in your tire—ready for use the moment it is put in your casing. It eliminates the expensive inner tube entirely.

Essenkay Lasts Indefinitely

It is interchangeable in tires of the same size. As fast as one tire casing wears out it can be inserted into another. It seems almost perpetual in life and service and pays for itself many times over in what it saves.

And these are proven facts—not mere claims. For five years we tested Essenkay.

Thousands of motorists have used it in their cars—have given it every conceivable sort of test—yet Essenkay has never faltered. Throughout every trial, no matter how rigorous, it has made good.

Essenkay Sold Everywhere on 30 Days' Trial

We don't ask you to take our word for Essenkay. All we ask is that you give it half a chance to tell its own story.

Just drive to the nearest dealer. Let him equip your tires with Essenkay. Let the material itself prove to you its merit. Use it for thirty days. Let it show you how easily you can eliminate punctures and blowouts. Let it prove how it helps to increase tire mileage and lessen your tire upkeep.

Let it prove to you its resiliency—its smooth riding qualities. Learn the true pleasures of motoring. That is conclusive evidence for you. But—be sure to get the real Essenkay. Don't take a substitute. Drive to your dealer's now.

If you don't know the dealer in your town, send the coupon below direct to us for full information.

A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR AGENTS

Essenkay opens a wonderful opportunity to good, live, up-to-date, energetic business men. Our state agents are locating agencies in every city and town in the country. They want men of character and initiative—men big, broad and

bold enough to grasp the full significance of our proposition. If you find we have no representative in your town—if you are the right man to represent us get in touch with our agent in your state immediately. To save time, phone or wire him now. Now, while the subject is uppermost in your mind, get into communication with our general agency in your state instantly. It may be your opportunity.

STATES NOT INCLUDED THEREIN

The states not mentioned in this advertisement are not controlled by the general state agent—the territory has been divided among town and county agents. Practically all of this territory has been allotted. There is a little still open, however. If you live in a state whose name you fail to find herein and if you desire territory, write or wire us at once. If the territory is still open we'll send you our agency proposition.

ESSENKAY STATE AGENCIES

ALABAMA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Alabama, P. O. Springhill, Mobile, Alabama.

ARIZONA and CALIFORNIA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Arizona and California, 1038 South Main Street, Los Angeles, California.

ARKANSAS—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Arkansas, Little Rock, Arkansas.

COLORADO—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Colorado, 1242-48 Broadway, Denver, Colorado.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA and MARYLAND—The Essenkay Sales Co., of District of Columbia and Maryland, 2 East North Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.

FLORIDA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Florida, 212 South Orange Avenue, Orlando, Florida; Greenville, Florida; 119 South Baylen Street, Pensacola, Florida.

GEORGIA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Georgia, 34 Luckie Street, Atlanta, Georgia.

KANSAS—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Kansas, Topeka, Kansas; Atchison, Kansas.

KENTUCKY—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Kentucky, 1148 South Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky.

LOUISIANA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Louisiana, 849 Baronne Street, New Orleans.

MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, Motor Mart, Park Square, Boston, Massachusetts.

MICHIGAN—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Detroit, 809 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

MINNESOTA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

MISSISSIPPI—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Mississippi, Clarksdale, Mississippi.

MISSOURI—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Missouri, 221-223 Admiral Boulevard, Kansas City, Missouri; 3029 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

MONTANA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Montana, Helena, Montana.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—The Essenkay Sales Co., of New Hampshire, 725 Union Street, Manchester, New Hampshire.

NEW MEXICO—The Essenkay Sales Co., of New Mexico, Watrous, New Mexico.

NEW YORK—The Essenkay Sales Co., of New York City, 246 West Fifty-Ninth Street, New York City, New York.

NEVADA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Nevada, Goldfield, Nevada.

NORTH CAROLINA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of North Carolina, 4 North Pack Square, Asheville, North Carolina.

OKLAHOMA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Oklahoma, Fifth and Broadway, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

OREGON—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Oregon, Portland, Oregon.

SOUTH CAROLINA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of South Carolina, Charleston, South Carolina.

SOUTH DAKOTA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of South Dakota, Aberdeen, South Dakota.

TENNESSEE—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Tennessee, Madison and Manassas Streets, Memphis, Tennessee.

UTAH—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Utah, 14 East Third Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

VERMONT—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Vermont, Percival & Silsby, St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

VIRGINIA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Virginia, Newport News, Virginia.

WASHINGTON and IDAHO—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Washington and Idaho, Sunny-side, Washington.

WYOMING—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Wyoming, 1410 Garfield, Laramie, Wyoming.

FOREIGN AGENCIES

ALBERTA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Alberta, Calgary, Alta., Canada.

BRITISH COLUMBIA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of British Columbia, Victoria, B. C., Canada.

ONTARIO—The Essenkay Ontario Agency, 47 Banks Street, Ottawa, Ont., Canada.

SASKATCHEWAN—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Saskatchewan, Battleford, Sask., Canada.

CAR OWNER'S COUPON

The Essenkay Co., 987 Essenkay Building, 2120 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I am anxious to have all the facts. Please send me your illustrated booklet, "The Remarkable Story of Essenkay."

Name.....

St. and No.

Size of tires..... City.....

My car is a..... State.....



THE ESSENKAY COMPANY
987 Essenkay Building

CHICAGO, ILL.
2120 Michigan Avenue

A Reminder

Write the Essenkay General Agent in your state for local agency, now.

Colliers

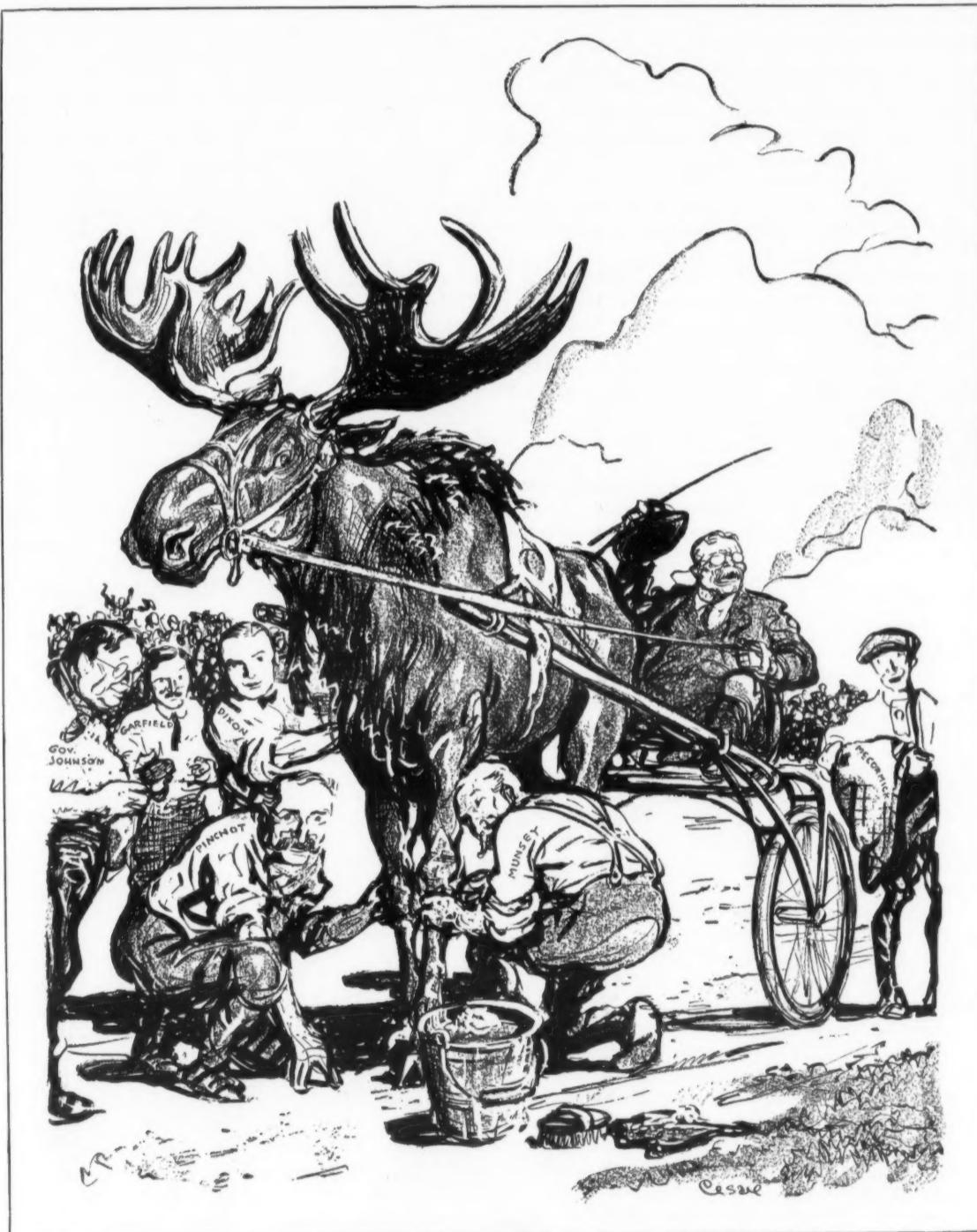
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



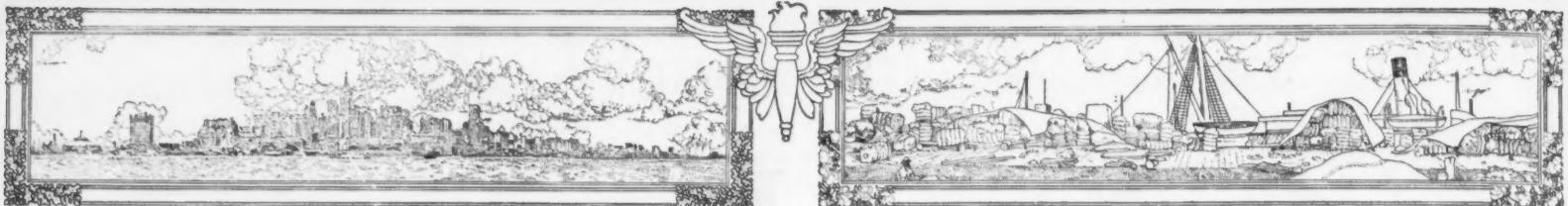
MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

NORMAN HAPGOOD
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



Ready



BUSINESS ENLIGHTENMENT

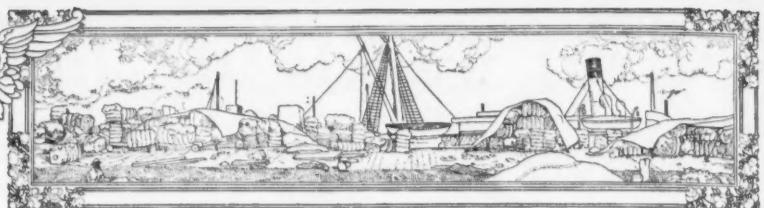
THE ARGUMENT against WILSON was expected to be a scare. Where is it? The business men are showing friendliness to him. In the past the possessors of wealth really believed that if a few men were not encouraged with special privileges nobody would use his capital and nobody would be allowed to work. Take away honest and dishonest graft and the world would cease to revolve upon its axis. Such minds naturally deal in the absolute. They might well not see the Democrats and WOODROW WILSON doing away first, against great opposition, with a few of the worst tariff swindles, but paint in crimson colors a complete and sudden plunge into free trade. Of course we all know that it will be hard enough to get even a few of the most trust-breeding and price-raising schedules changed, but we are children and easily affected by loud threats and deadly prophecies and a few factories conveniently shut down to teach the public how to think. Some men are able to see clearly, even when they enjoy privileges, but in the past they have been few. The powers of privilege are not saying that WILSON threatens the very structure of the universe. Their mental habits are not so stereotyped as we thought. We knew, of course, that once the tariff had been improved they would accept it, as they did in railroad rebates, eight-hour laws, municipal ownership of gas and water, protection of women and children in factories, employers' liability acts, public-service commissions; as they did in universal suffrage and the divinity of kings; but we expected the dread first, and thought WILSON's reliance would have to be the favorite proverb of SANCHO PANZA: "Yesterday for you, to-day for me"; yesterday for privileges that have built up mighty fortunes, political corruption, and public timidity, now changing into public wrath; to-day, or perhaps to-morrow, for those who seek a slight approach to fairness upon this earth. Well, we were mistaken. Business, apparently, in the main, approves of WILSON. Why? We believe business has reached two very sensible conclusions. It has decided that work should and must go on, regardless of legislation, and times have been improving right through the political fury of recent months. It has decided also that readjustment of our legal, social, and industrial situation, to meet our ideas of justice, is inevitable and might as well be helped. Business men since the war have in the main been preoccupied with money making. They have been, on the whole, the ablest Americans; and their ability is now apparently to be more broadly used; they are going to continue to make money, while at the same time helping us to give stability to our civilization by giving justice to it.

WHAT IS A FENCE?

A NEWSPAPER is expected to eulogize one party and to attack as many others as may be. A few of our readers seem to expect us to accept this program. If our present attitude, of encouraging all forces that make for progress, is "sitting on the fence," it would be difficult to jump off without dishonesty.

THE NEW PARTY

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE'S ARGUMENT against the new party, although the strongest that can be made, is not conclusive. The Senator points out that the most useful leadership of recent years has been that of the Republican Progressives, and he argues that the course for Republicans is to concentrate their efforts, in Congressional and State elections, on helping this element. Undoubtedly the Bull Moose local tickets will show their greatest strength where they are running against machine tickets, but why not put the Republican machines out of business altogether? The new party was born because of the failure of the present Republican Administration, followed by the theft of a nomination. It is no answer to say that nominations have been stolen before. This situation was made different by the spread of Presidential primaries. The preceding thefts were by one set of politicians from another. This was by the politicians from the people. When all the doubtful cases were eliminated it resulted in the unmistakable fact that California, Washington, Texas, and Arizona frauds constituted a theft of the nomination for Mr. TAFT, by the politicians, and from the people. Independent and Progressive men, whatever their party, can scarcely vote for Mr. TAFT. If the Bull Moose campaign is conducted in a high, constructive, nonslanderous manner, so that it appeals to the thoughtful, and if Mr. WILSON is elected but later thwarted by the predatory elements in his own party, the new party will win in 1916. It is not born at the happiest moment, when it has to oppose one of the great parties on its best side, but if it turns out to be a patient and intelligent radical force, Colonel ROOSEVELT, whether he is ever President again or not, will know that in being the occasion for the party's birth he has added one more service to his country.



THE TRUSTS

THE DIFFERENCE between the Democrats and the Bull Moose on the trusts at bottom comes down to this: the Bull Moose theory is to regulate monopoly; the Democratic theory is to regulate competition. Our own opinion is that the public has not yet given up hope of regulating competition, and will not give up until a fairer trial has been made. The Stanley report, which followed the La Follette and Lenroot bills, represented the work of Mr. BRANDEIS and other practical and expert students who are not yet prepared to accept monopoly as inevitable. The topic will be much discussed during the next three months, and after the Stanley report is digested we expect to see the arguments focus on the Tennessee Coal and Iron case as a concrete test of the conflicting principles involved. The whole question, also, of the benevolence of the Steel Trust and of the public spirit of the Morgan interests is profoundly treated in that report. As to the legislation recommended, do not be misled by superficial and hasty charges about opposition to mere size. The thirty per cent provision about burden of proof, like other similar provisions, applies not to ordinary business but only to those situations where the court has already decided that restraint of trade exists. Through all the discussion, remember that.

A DANGEROUS MOVE

THE PUBLIC SHOULD OBSERVE closely the contest which is about coming to a head in Washington. Those who followed the Ballinger controversy through the two years of its continuance realize the difficulty and the importance of the water-power situation. Water power is one of the great assets left to the people. It is so recent that Congress has not had a good chance to give it away, as it has given away most of the other public utilities. The effort is now being made to hurry through Congress an omnibus dam bill, intended to fetter the Government in the future and to overrule the Secretary of War in the present; to give away valuable franchises; to force the taxpayers to defray the cost of improvement which they ought not to defray; to take away protection from the consumer. Mr. STIMSON, soon after he took office, discovered that the Board of Engineers of the War Department was recommending permits for the erection of dams upon streams of Federal jurisdiction which amounted to giving away grants of great value through lack of knowledge. He instructed the board to append to each application for permit answers to several questions, of which the two most important were in substance these:

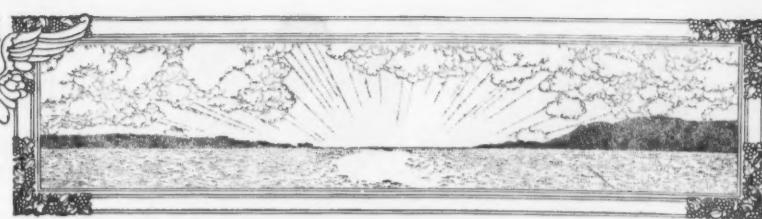
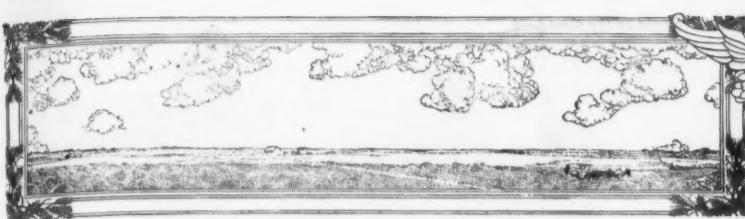
1. Would the proposed dam create water power of commercial value?

2. Would this value increase with time and the development of the country?

By the answers to these questions the permits under consideration were shown to be against the immediate interests of the taxpayer and without safeguards for the consumer. Accordingly, the Secretary sent to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce last spring a recommendation against the passage of each of the bills. The committee then took refuge in the strategy of consolidating the various bills, and thus increasing the pressure of selfish local interests. The Secretary then forced the real question to the front again, by proposing an amendment which would provide for reasonable rental or charge, the proceeds to be used for the development of the stream on which the privilege was granted or of water connected with it, and reserving to the Federal Government the right to control the charges for service to the consumers if the authority of the State or municipality was inadequate. The committee has now reported the bill favorably, and *without the amendment*. It is a very dangerous move and a very dangerous precedent. The Secretary of War is entirely right; his amendment stands for one of the great victories that ought to have been put beyond doubt by the issue of the Ballinger controversy.

A PRIZE REACTIONARY

SENATOR FRANCIS E. WARREN of Wyoming will be a candidate at the primaries in Wyoming, August 20, for indorsement as the Republican candidate for United States Senator, to be elected by the Wyoming Legislature, which meets next winter. There will be no opposition to Senator WARREN at the primaries. His hold on the machine assures him the nomination. We hope the independent voters in Wyoming will unite in determined opposition to him without regard to party. To defeat him would be the most effective blow the people could give to Lorimerism in Congress. WARREN is one of the last high priests of the old order left in the Senate. In a few weeks we shall give our readers a character sketch of WARREN, showing rewards of crookedness and hypocrisy in high politics.



THEN AND NOW

THE DEBATE with DOUGLAS was the largest single step toward giving LINCOLN a position which fortified his nomination for the Presidency. Never since the war has this great debate been more apposite or more interesting than now. The rough way in which the antagonists handled each other recalls the campaign for the Republican nomination. The word liar and its equivalents flew freely from Judge DOUGLAS, and LINCOLN took it with amusement. The standpat argument was put by the Democratic leader adroitly in many of its phases, notably in an assertion that LINCOLN was charging the Supreme Court with corruption. LINCOLN calmly replied that the court was part of "a system or scheme," "combination or conspiracy," to make slavery national, and he jeered, with his unfailing cheerfulness, at DOUGLAS's own appointment to the bench to pack it against an earlier decision, as contrasted with his noisy alarm at change. It was characteristic of DOUGLAS and standpatism to talk as if LINCOLN were undoing all the wisdom of the fathers, and of LINCOLN to say: "In this and like communities, public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment, nothing can fail; without it, nothing can succeed." Had Mr. TAFT understood those words, and been able to act upon them, he might have been a successful President, instead of a man so hopelessly in antagonism to the people he is supposed to represent that he could only get a so-called renomination by a process of brazen robbery. In all of his career Mr. ROOSEVELT has never lost sight of this truth about self-government. He has led public opinion, but he has led it by understanding it.

COCKY

THE REAL NAME of the writer of the following elegant communication is also appended by him as an evidence of his reality and good faith:

FORT SMITH, ARK.

EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

Sir—In your issue of July 13, 1912, editorial page, under the subhead "Roosevelt," appears the following: "When he was in office we were accustomed to differ with him, and doubtless shall have the pleasure of differing with him again." You should have indicated whom you differed with him from.

If COLLIER'S would pay a little more attention to grammar, and less to muckraking, there would be a decided improvement. Very truly, TIRED SUBSCRIBER.

Our irascible friend has more temper than knowledge. "Differ with" is decidedly preferred by the new Oxford dictionary, and possibly our communicative literary expert will admit that BURKE, ADDISON, NEWMAN, and BOLINGBROKE come near to writing English.

BURKE—I can never for a moment differ with you and your brother in sentiment.

ADDISON—to irritate those who differ with us in their sentiments.

NEWMAN—to unite with those who differ with us.

BOLINGBROKE—They had only differed with the Whigs about the degree of oppression.

If Tired Subscriber has any children in the grammar school he might set for them this exercise:

COLLIER'S differs from father in not being quite so fresh, and differs with him about the best usage in English.

YOUTH AND AGE

THE French have a saying: "If only youth had the knowledge, if only age had the power," and the poet YOUNG said: "As soon as we have found the key of life, it opens the gates of death." This view of age seems to be the product of the romantic movement. It was not so in Greece or Rome. It is not so in China or Japan. It is true only if mating and its preliminaries are looked upon as the one triumphant interest of life. Age, of course, is clearer about what it desires of the universe and cannot have. Youth is unhappy too, but is vaguer about the reason. Those periods which are treated as if they were the happiest, childhood, or adolescence, or early maturity, are as likely as not to seem thoroughly unhappy to the persons actually in them.

The best is yet to be,
Grow old along with me,
The last of life, for which the first was made.

Few modern poets echo those words of BROWNING'S, which, although they overstate, yet suggest the truth. If a person does not grow happier well into life, it is because he has not quite known how to live. The Indian said that the sixties included the twenties and the forties, and the American philosopher, brilliantly arguing that the possession of intellect much diminishes the difference between youth and age, quotes the Vedas as saying: "He who can discriminate is the father of his father." The more intelligent the person, the harder he finds it to decide absolutely among the gains and losses of different periods. Certainly however, everything does favor youth for the mind which prefers a Bouguereau to a Rembrandt, or Mrs. A. L. WISTER to Lord BACON.

MAGGIE TULLIVER'S HAIRCUT

READERS of "The Mill on the Floss" will recall that little MAGGIE TULLIVER, remembering a casual hint from her father, seized the shears and relieved herself of a burden on her young life. What happened? She had taken a step which immediately freed her energies for other things and might have increased the happiness and usefulness of her existence. Did the world applaud, or even acquiesce? Not it. Her small brother, the first to know the change, jeered cheerfully at it, merely because it was change and he foresaw trouble from the elders, and also, for that matter, from the always imitative young. The father smiled, but the mother wept. The solemn and mature asses of the Tulliver circle, like good average citizens as they were, dropped reproving aphorisms for MAGGIE's benefit. Her haircut, so fraught with possibilities of good, brought her into conflict with the safe and sane forces of the world; with conservatism; with decorum and respect for tradition; with what, having been, must be; and what chance had little MAGGIE, and pure reason, against all the prearranged decencies of a mighty nation? "It is a hard world for girls," said MARTIN LUTHER; and often society seems in a conspiracy to add needless difficulties to those that are inevitable.

WOMAN AND PROGRESS

IT IS A GREAT SONNET of WORDSWORTH that tells us it is not in battles we train our best governor, he who must be wise and good:

And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her knee!

That last line is unsurpassed; we, at least, know no other ten words that name more poetically a moral truth. The three lines strike the keynote of the ethical insight of our day. The difference between men and women is exaggerated, but it exists, and the truths that the world is endeavoring to realize to-day are those which are more characteristic of women than of men. There will be mistakes made; there always are; but the world has been so overbalanced with masculine influence that every principle of fairness and democracy calls upon us to emphasize those ideals which are dearest to women, whether it be to a JANE ADDAMS or to an average girl thinking of the destiny of her first born.

MODERN TRAGEDY

ART has laws which are independent of the laws of life. They are sheer, absolute, determined by material. The octave cannot be reasoned away, or the inappropriateness of sculpture for depicting what "Tintern Abbey" depicts, or the fact that painting is great only when it is primarily visual, like VELASQUEZ, or the need of action in the drama. The greatest dramatic critic of all time—greater than LESSING, greater than GOETHE—has expressed, so well that the centuries are still repeating his words, the fact that tragedy is not a condition, or a state of mind, but an occurrence. The moderns would sometimes run away from this law—a natural desire, since, as ARISTOTLE said, many can write well, and a number can depict character for one who can tell of a significant occurrence. Resignation may be tragic, or the necessity of choosing between two courses, neither of which can be wholly right, or the abnegation of parents, or the sacrifice of children, but such abstractions become tragedy, in the drama sense, only when the act which illustrates them is in itself of compelling interest. If HAMLET had been merely a fascinating and sensitive beholder of all sides of all questions, he could not have been hero of a tragedy; nor could LEAR if he had merely repented bitterly of his children's bringing up; nor MACBETH if ambition had poisoned his nature without causing him to act; nor OTHELLO if jealousy had only taken joy from his life with DESDEMONA. Philosophic intelligence alone cannot make tragedy, because it cannot make drama. On the other hand, drama cannot rise to tragedy without philosophy behind it. The Greek tragedians took familiar stories and contributed their own skill and the splendor of their own minds. IBSEN resembled the Greeks in having states of mind lead persons into trouble, but his dramatic construction was superior to the stories which he conceived or the thought in which he clothed them. PINERO'S plays and SHAW'S and JONES'S are never tragic, because the misfortunes and the treatment lack grandeur. HAUPPTMANN'S "Teamster Henschel" is a tragedy, as are "El Gran Galeoto" of ECHEGARAY, "Herod" and "Paolo and Francesca" of STEPHEN PHILLIPS, and, above all these, "The Power of Darkness" of TOLSTOY. These are the comments of superior minds on life—comments in the form of stories which are significant, stirring and improving in themselves. They tell in large narrative the unmanageable destinies of man, the distinctive consequences of character or accident or environment; they tell of this fate with purity of emotion and height of thought that leads the reader to suffer but accept; and that is tragedy.



*Start of the first heat
of the 800-meter race,
won by Meredith, who
also won the final*

The Olympic Games

*The Dramatic and Picturesque Contest in Which
America's Team Won from the Flower
of the Athletic World*

By WILL IRWIN



Taipale, the Finn, who broke
the discus record

TO THE sympathetic spectator of the Olympic games of 1912, the one great memory, and that a gruesome one, will be the finish of the Marathon, with all that it connoted of agony and death. However, the tragic passing of the Portuguese Lazarо—the fault of no man, but of circumstances and perhaps of false ideals—cannot destroy the pleasant memories of a week filled with glories and thrills and picturesque details. For it is one lesser regret that

Lazarо's collapse, and the mortal torture of twenty other men, marred at its finish the best-managed, the most successful, altogether the most moving, of all the Olympic revivals. And to that same sympathetic spectator the thing was an anticlimax; it had its great moment on the opening day. So fate orders our little efforts.

Imagine, if you will, first Stockholm and then the Stadium. Stockholm—a combination of Paris without the commercialized vice and Venice without the color. We had heard of it beforehand as an interesting although remote capital; few were prepared to find it so beautiful and so innocently gay. It stands in a group of three thousand little, hilly, wooded islands. The oldest city occupied one of these islets; the new has spread right and left to other islands and to the mainland. So watercourses intersect it in every direction; one is continually driving across bridges, or coming suddenly out upon wharves crowded with grave, brick-tanned Scandinavian sailors and fringed with sturdy ice-breaking boats. One of these estuaries—it is, I believe, the

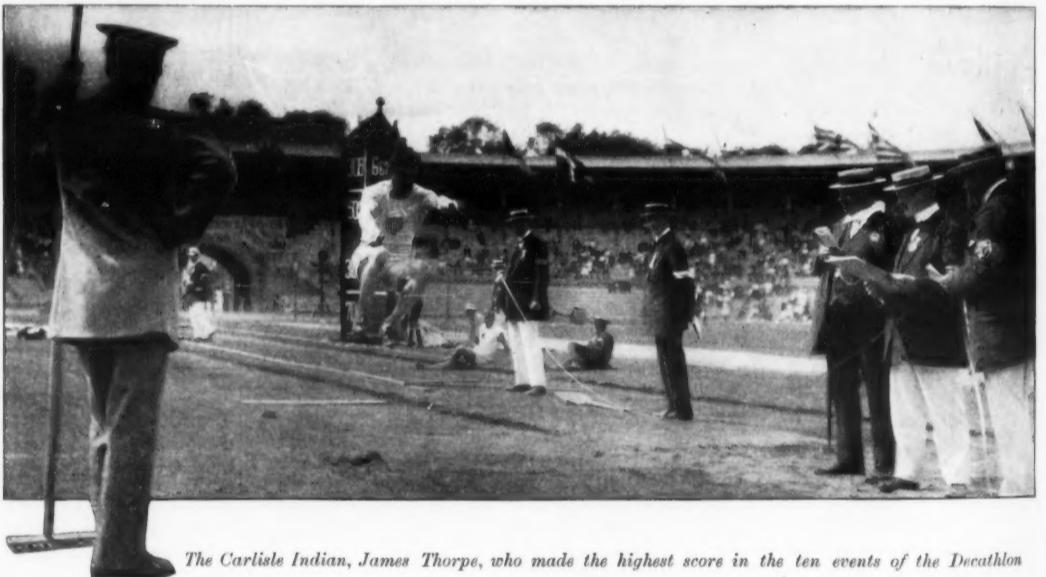
The South African
runner, McArthur,
winning the
Marathon



mouth of a river—enters the very heart of the city, so that white yachts, smart naval launches, and black Baltic fishermen are moored just off the opera house and the Grand Royal Hotel. On this site the Swedes have erected their public and semipublic buildings with all the intelligent attention which a modern European city gives to

We numbered four hundred journalists in the press box, from no less than twenty-seven nations or sovereignties. Upon all these, and many more, the Swedes looked with the eyes of a remote nation which has fought no war for a hundred years and has little to fear from any man or power. They forebore—wonder of self-control—to raise prices. They cheered us, nation by nation, on the streets. They walked blocks out of their course to show us the way. Their soldier Boy Scouts, taller and broader by inches than even our own boys of the same age, ran our errands, and returned the offer of tips with a shake of the head and a salute. When we made excursion among the canals of the three thousand islands, big country youths and girls stood at the pier heads to cast baskets of flowers before our bows. A courteous people—raising of hats between men is their universal custom—their courtesy goes down to the roots of good will. Such is Stockholm when she is receiving company.

Now remember that Stockholm, suburbs included, is a size smaller than San Francisco or Cincinnati, big enough to be a metropolis, little enough to retain the



The Carlisle Indian, James Thorpe, who made the highest score in the ten events of the Decathlon

façade line. The architecture has a Florentine quality: it is sturdy and useful, but light; and occasionally a round, bulging turret gives a touch of individuality and proves how near Sweden has been always to Russian influence.

Here, in these early days of July, 1912, there was no night. The guidebooks had prepared our minds for that phenomenon; they had not prepared our eyes and our souls for its miracle. Dining at ten o'clock in the outdoor café before the opera—for Sweden keeps scandalous hours in summer—one looks out to see a lamp-lighter turning on a useless electric globe. It is then bright enough to read fine print out of doors. At half past ten it is growing dusky, and the water and sky take on a deep, violet-blue color which is like no other tint in nature. At eleven the evening star comes out, and it promises to grow dark. Just then east begins to lighten—twilight still on one horizon, and dawn on the other. By midnight, when you take cab or trolley or launch for home, the turn of the light has come; as you go to bed, everything has grown silvery with morning.

And this city is inhabited by 350,000 people, as admirable—on superficial contact at least—as one may ever find over this little globe. At home we know well the physical type—long of limb, broad of shoulder, grave of countenance, unbelievably pink-and-white of complexion. We know, also, the somewhat slow but solid mental cast, the admirable moral character, of this northern race. What we do not know is the ordered love of legitimate pleasure, the hospitality, the genuine good will, which marks the city-dwelling Swede. All the great races of the earth and every civilized nation had sent visitors to Stockholm in that week. Take, for example, the press—on that the Swedes kept statistics,

small city intimacy. To this add a royal family and a full-fledged court, and you have a situation both picturesque and humorous. For with all its rather stiff court etiquette, the royal family cannot keep sharply away from the populace in a capital so small and intimate. The middle-aged, respectable-looking King and his comfortably plump wife, the dark, boyish, attractive Crown Prince and his domestic English princess, that beautiful and sprightly Russian girl, the Princess Maria—familiar sight of them has killed curiosity in Sweden. I wondered, at first, why the Swedes did not cheer—great shouters that they are—when the royal family passed to the games in state procession. This was not due to the strong Socialist feeling in Stockholm, I was informed. It was because the Swedes must save their throats—if they cheered when royalty passed, they would be yelling all the time.

THE IMPRESSIVE OPENING OF THE GAMES

YET when the royal family entered the state box on Saturday, July 6, to open the fifth modern revival of the Olympic games, it was another story with the populace. The King, his gold-laced officers and plumed ladies about him, emerged suddenly to a fanfare of trumpets. He was facing the green arena with its border of black cinder path, facing thirty thousand people in sober northern black and white, who packed the beautiful gray-red stadium to its top, facing the drooping, fluttering flags of all those nations who were his guests. Off came the straw hats as though a sudden wind had whirled up a bank of snow; spontaneously out burst that fierce, staccato: "Hurrah—rah—rah—rah" of the north. And before it had died down, a choir, hidden in some far corner of the arena, began the national hymn.

Splendid singers these Swedes are, in common with all the northern people. It seemed that not only the choir but the whole audience had been trained and rehearsed.

A flutter broke into the applause of the finish; the audience was straining toward one of the towers at the carks of the big horseshoe. The band struck up; the gates swung open. The Danes appeared, led by a white-clad, stiff, muscular gymnastic team, doing a goose-step behind protruding chests. After them marched

their women of the north

in white waists and short skirts—great, blond creatures, strong but fine of line; and finally their bare-legged athletes. They made a half-turn of the arena, and brought up facing the royal box. The Danes are a half-Scandinavian people, first cousins to the Swedes; and there is long peace in the north. All the way the Swedes rose, section by section, and delivered their wolf bark. Behind the Danes came a flag strange even to our own waters, followed by a half dozen little dark men. It was the Chilian delegation. Though they had come furthest of all, though their very presence, all things considered, was an achievement for these Yankees of the south, the crowd scarcely noticed them—for the Anglo-Saxons among us were cheering the tall, swinging Canadians with the red maple leaves on their chests. Then the gates opened to admit a banner uncatalogued among the flags of all nations. We aliens to the north wondered at the applause which it evoked, until we saw on the tribune beside it the word "Finland." Fief to Russia, this nation had been set apart from its tyrant by decision of the international committee. These fine, upstanding fellows with a touch of the primitive yellow in their blond complexions, these beautifully formed girls, had no banner of their own; and they elected to carry the flag of their gymnasium clubs. Dramatically, it brought to these Scandinavians that nightmare terror under which the north has lain for three centuries long. Nothing else could explain the spontaneous cheering which brought the audience standing.

And then—Johnnie Hallahan, yell leader, was on his feet in the north stand, and our American "university club section" had risen to deliver itself as follows:

"Rah, rah, ray!
U. S. A!
A-M-E-R-I-C-A!"

The crowd craned and murmured. Some laughed; some applauded tentatively. This was the first time that the north had heard our undignified if inspiring college rooting, and they scarcely knew how to take it. These diverse sounds blended with the general cheering due a champion when the front ranks of the American athletes swung through the gates. Our men wore for the occasion not track uniforms, but blue coats, white trousers and shoes, and straw hats. As they came down the line, section after section rising to greet them, the Americans in the grand stand experienced a momentary disappointment. The men of the martial nations which preceded them, conscripts all, had marched with the formal carriage of European military tactics. Ours, though they kept good step and alignment, glided along in any fashion, their arms and shoulders keeping swing with their walk. It took a second thought to convince us that we were right and Europe wrong. This free-and-easy gait, when performed by a six-foot youth in per-

fect condition, is, after all, more natural and beautiful than the protruding chest, the stiff hands, and the unnatural step of German tactics and Swedish gymnastics; and I leave it to any sculptor or painter.

As each nation filed in, the line ranged itself facing the royal box. The standard bearer would advance a few paces and plant his banner; and the next nation would quick-step into place. Behind us came the Greeks—three officers in gaudy uniforms and a dozen little boys

upward. The tall towers at the carks of the horseshoe had blossomed with heralds in medieval scarlet and gold. On their long Viking trumpets they were blowing the greeting and defiance of his Scandinavian Majesty. And so, save for the procession past the royal box, the ceremony was ended.

This procession brought an incident which was for us Americans the keynote to the week's proceedings. Our team, in passing out, rounded that corner where the

Swedish athletes stood waiting their turn. Man and woman alike, they dropped out of their stiff parade rest to cheer us again and again. Part of this, doubtless, rose from the bond of immigration which unites the two nations. Half of the Swedes have sent son or daughter, brother or sister, to our fields; the other half are writing letters to friends in Minneapolis and Chicago. Then, too, there was the tribute due to champions. Our reputation preceded us. Had not Ernie Hjerberg, who created the athletic revival in Sweden, learned his trade in the United States? But I like to think that some of it rose from admiration of our qualities and toleration of our defects—from real mutual understanding. Let our concerted cheering

stand for the rest. The English newspapers called it conspicuous and barbarous; the French termed it "un cri ordonné, bizarre." But the Swedes liked it. Whenever, in the international gatherings at the out-of-door cafés, our youths emitted that yell, the Swedes answered with the wolf bark.

What we did in the games the world has already heard, and is preparing to forget. In the preliminary heats the white American uniform with the national shield at the breast would flash out almost monotonously from the struggling bunch; and an American runner, nicely calculating the distance necessary to qualify him for the finals, would throw up his arms at the line. There came the day of first blood, when Craig and Meyer and Lippincott strode away from the striving South African, Patching, in the hundred meters, and sent up three American flags on the winning poles. Another day, and that sturdy schoolboy, Meredith, had pulled two team mates across the line for a world's record. That, from a technical point of view, was the performance of the meet. Wherever we congratulated an English point winner, he was sure to return courtesy by congratulating us on that eight hundred. It brought together the German Braun, whom many Englishmen had pronounced the best middle-distance runner in the world; Sheppard, our veteran of twenty-nine and winner of a thousand races; Davenport, much fancied by the Western delegation; and this newcomer, Meredith.

In such a race there is no teamwork; each man makes the running for himself. Sheppard, judge of pace that he is, chose to take the lead and to drag the field around at a world-record gait. Braun, running with a beautiful, easy stride, followed at his heels; behind, five other Americans and Brock, the Canadian, struggled and changed places. Now one American quit and another dropped back of the running, but three Americans and the Canadian went on. At the last turn Braun shot his bolt. He tore away from Sheppard, en-



Ralph C. Craig of Detroit winning the 100-meter final in 10.45 seconds. The fourth man is Patching of South Africa. Meyer and Lippincott, also Americans, took second and third



Kolehmainen, the Finn, winning the 10,000-meter run



Meredith, the American runner, breaking the record in the 800 meters. The second and third men, Sheppard and Davenport, both Americans, also broke the record



The New York traffic policeman, McDonald, who won the shot-put

A British army chaplain prayed in English. When he had finished and the hats went on, they must come off again for the Crown Prince. He had stepped into the shot-putting circle before the banners, and was reading an address to the royal box. The King answered in a good voice which reached every corner of the stands. This formality over, the audience sang again the National Hymn. At its conclusion, the fanfare of trumpets floated again across the field. All heads craned



The King of Sweden — to the right of the urn — the Crown Prince, Prince Wilhelm, and the royal family in the royal box

tered the stretch like an easy winner, and the American stands groaned in agony. Suddenly the strength went out of him. One American and another had passed him; the maple leaf of Canada showed even with the black eagle on his chest. Relieved, we looked again at the Americans. But it was not Sheppard leading now—it was the dark young Meredith. With his shoulder just before Sheppard's, his head bobbing, he raced toward the line. And just then another American shield flashed past the black eagle. It was Davenport, who had come out of a pocket at the turn and started a spurt like a sprinter's. He pulled up on Sheppard; he all but caught him at the tape. Before the time went up we knew that this must be one of the historic races; afterward we found that all three had beaten the world's record.

Then, too, the American team had its upsets. The Swedes used to say, with their gently insinuating politeness, that these were good for us. They saved us from conceit. There was the high jump, for example. Horine, the champion, worn out by too long a season, gained but third place. Richards had to jump higher than ever before in his life to beat a German.

That 1,500 meters brought another immortal race—though it was heartbreak, too. Consider whom we had—John Paul Jones, world's record holder in the mile; Sheppard, old Olympic winner at the distance, and Kiviat, no less in expert esteem than the other two. Against them the only finalist who seemed to have a chance was

Reidpath winning the 400 meters for America

Jackson, a long, rangy, Oxford blue. The field ran bunched until the turn. There Jones swung out and made his try. We settled back in confidence; it was all over. But another runner had swung and sprinted, and he wore the black-bordered trunks and the Union Jack of England. He passed Jones; he passed the rest; he came straight down the stretch, throwing his feet far back in the desperation of a supreme effort; he staggered over the tape and tumbled on the grass, a sick and worn young Briton, but an easy winner. In that finish Jackson had fulfilled the best traditions of old British sportsmanship. Tear down the walls of Oxford for him!

Yet neither Meredith nor Jackson, nor our perfect half-breed athlete, Thorpe, who accounted so easily for the pentathlon and decathlon, nor Craig, who won the sprints as though the rest were tied, was the individual sensation of the meet. That honor goes to little Finland, with her pathetic, alien banner. We had heard in advance about the Kolehmainen brothers, and especially young Hannes, the twenty-two-year-old holder of the Northern distance records. But we had heard also of Rau and Braun, the German champions; and they, when put to the test, lacked that last ounce of strength and finish which marks American runners. They made worthy opponents and no more. Kolehmainen was different. In his very first heat, at the trying ten thousand meters, he loped away like a professional running against schoolboys. He is a small, golden-skinned Finn, with a touch of the primitive race not only in his complexion but in his features, yet a pleasing-looking boy withal. As he neared the tape, winner by whatever distance he desired, he used to acknowledge the applause with a confident smile and a jaunty little half salute which said: "This is perfectly easy." He distanced our Indian, Tewanina, in the finals of the ten thousand, and only in the five thousand did anyone give him a race. Here Bouin, the French champion, extended him, and no more. When he rounded the stadium in the cross-country run he stood for some time at the finish post waiting with languid curiosity to see who would be the second man home.

Serious little Finland, nation without a flag! To this subject people of two million ice-bound and op-

pressed souls, rather than to our rich, sovereign ninety million, belong the real honors of the fifth Olympic revival. Before the week was over she suffered deep humiliation. Russia, stung perhaps by the applause of that first day, must have moved through diplomatic channels. We saw the banner of the gymnasium club no more. Finland's victories in the distance runs, the javelin and the gymnastic competitions were proclaimed by a Russian flag with an added blue pennant labeled "Finland." Finally the Swedish singing societies, rendering the old Scandinavian songs before the King, sang "Björneborgarn's March," common property of all Scandinavia, but especially identified with the Finnish wars against Russia. The Swedish crowd put great meaning into its applause. Diplomacy must have moved again, for when next day the flags announced results in the discus, even the blue pennant had disappeared, and the naked flag of Russia went up the staff. Finland was the crippled sister at Stockholm, the pathetic relief to this drama.

Athletics in Finland belong to the people; the universities ignore them, the gentry despise them. Nikander, who took the javelin championship from the Swedes, is a carpenter; their winning wrestlers follow various humble, useful occupations. To send this team to Stockholm, they needed four thousand dollars. It was raised, penny on penny, from farmers and laboring men. Finns transplanted to Stockholm gave them lodging; the Kolehmainen brothers, for example, were guests of a blacksmith. This family comes from a small, unpronounceable town on the borders of the Arctic Circle.

There are three runners among them—the eldest, Tatu, their entry in the Marathon; the second, William, a professional runner; the third, the immortal Hannes. Another is growing up, and when he reaches twenty they propose to train him for the next Olympic games. Sons of a farmer-carpenter and mighty boy runners on skis before they got their growth, they learned almost by accident that

they could run in spikes. When their fame grew too great for their native village, they used to sit up all night in third-class coaches en route to the meets at Helsingfors—and their mother would put them up, on the eve of their journey, enough cold lunch for three days' rations. Hannes is a bricklayer. Less by conviction than by habit of early poverty, he eats no meat. He trains on long runs to and from his work, and on a severe system of massage. That is another story. The person whom he hailed with his half-arm salutes was his friend George, the rubber of a Turkish bath, who, for the glory of Finland, has been giving him free massage all these years. Tear down the walls for Hannes Kolehmainen! Like Jackson, the Oxford blue, this bricklayer is all man.

The arena in the Stadium had become by now a three-ring circus. On mats over by one corner of the infield an infinite procession of Swedish, Finnish, Russian, Bel-

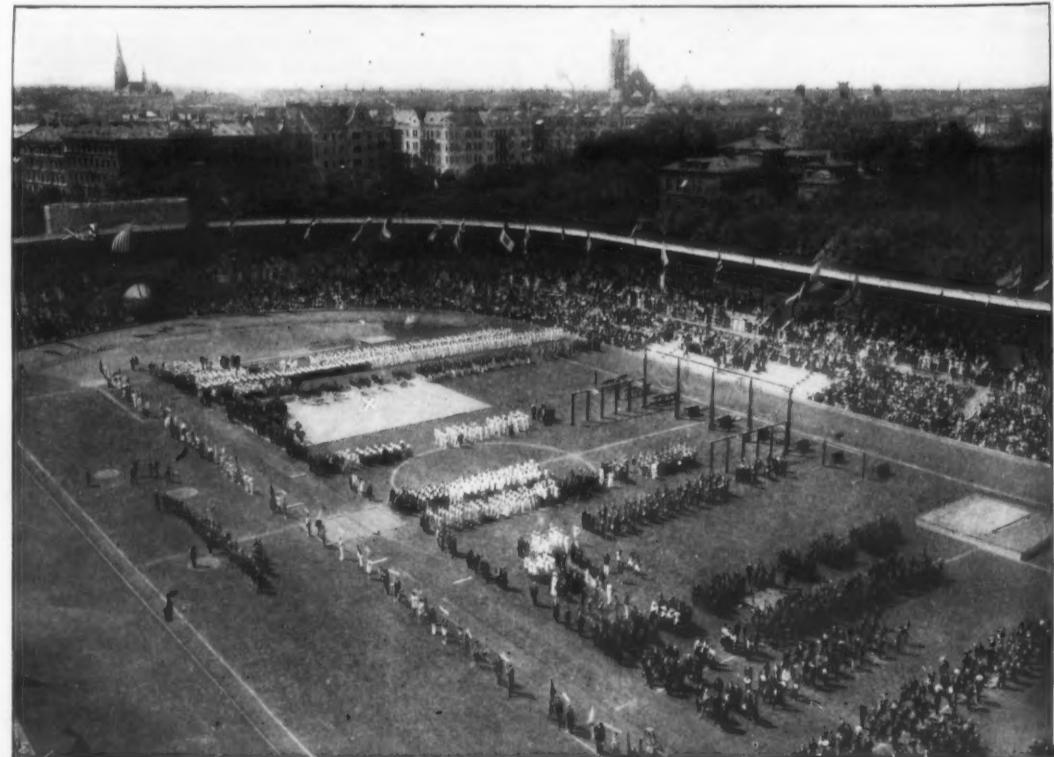


The Oxford runner, Jackson, beating three Americans and breaking the Olympic record in the 1,500-meter race

gian, Hungarian, and Austrian Græco-Roman wrestlers pawed and rolled and grunted morning and afternoon. In the foreground, teams of male and female gymnasts performed evolutions after the light Swedish or heavy German fashion. On the cinder track the runners loped off their races; and, likely as not, a field event, such as the high jump or the javelin throw, would add a

The Crown Prince of Sweden standing in the small circle at the left—opening the games. The "X" marks the American team

(Concluded on page 26)



The Present Situation

By MARK SULLIVAN

IN PRACTICALLY every community in the country the Third party has absorbed the rank and file of the Republican organization, and left nothing of the old party except an empty shell, manned by officeholders, the high-tariff beneficiaries, and a few others who, in one way or another, get a personal profit out of the Republican party. The one exception is the group who, for reasons of tradition or sentiment, cling to the Republican name—such men as the one who wrote this letter:

"SEATTLE, July 9, 1912.

"I was a black Republican in 1856, for three years a soldier, and with hundreds of thousands of others like myself, who are Insurgents or Progressives, I expect to remain a Republican all my life. For myself and others I wish to protest against the third party being called the National Progressive party. . . . We would thereby surrender the name Republican, a name to conjure by, and a name dear to us old-timers, and it won't work. A great many like myself, who stand for all that Roosevelt stands for, will not go in to a new party with that name.

"The third party should be called the New Republican party, or, if you please, the Old Republican party—but the new is perhaps better. To call it the National Progressive party does not mean anything. The average man is asking: 'What is a progressive?' since the Democratic party, which is owned by Tammany, claims to be the only progressive party, and Roosevelt claims to be the true progressive, and Taft, with all the natural and congenital mendacity of Jack Falstaff, whom he greatly resembles, swears that he is the only progressive. . . .

"Why should the third party set out with the mistake of voluntarily surrendering their ship to the pirates? Or why submit to be kicked out of the Republican party, when the Taft wing does not comprise one-quarter of its total membership? It would certainly delight the Taft people to see the third party take a new name and surrender the old name to them, together with Lincoln and the war record, and all the accumulated assets of more than fifty years of history, and they would chortle and chuckle with glee. . . .

"I don't believe in giving these people any such advantages. Yours truly, JOHN L. GOW."

How many are there who share this old soldier's feeling? Very few, probably. This devotion to a name, either Democratic or Republican, died out with the passing of the generation who remembered the Civil War and shared its passions. A man who was born on the day Lincoln was elected will be fifty-two years old next November. At the Michigan Third party convention, held "under the oaks" at Jackson the other day, six venerable men participated who were present at the organization of the Republican party on the same spot in 1856.

WHERE THE YOUNGER GENERATION IS
SENATOR ROOT is, of course, a tower among the Standpatters. His son is a member of a New York City law firm, one member of which resigned a \$7,500 Federal job to become the county chairman of the Progressive party; the third member of the firm also is a district leader in the new organization. It is rare to find men of under forty remaining with the Republican party unless there are strong selfish reasons.

A NEW THING IN MICHIGAN

A GRAND RAPIDS man writes to say that the Third party gathering at Jackson was the first political convention of any party in Michigan for thirty years to which every delegate paid his own railroad fare.

An Anniversary

Q The Payne-Aldrich Tariff became a law exactly three years ago on Monday, August 5. Every day of those three years that law has been intensely disapproved by nine out of ten of the people whom it governs; not an election has taken place during those three years but the people have expressed their resentment by overwhelmingly rebuking the party that made that law. And yet such is the well-guarded indirection of our legislative machinery that not all this protest has availed to change a single comma of an odious law.

THE COMMOTION

FROM Emerson's essay on "Intellect": "God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. . . . He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the *first political party he meets—most likely his father's*. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings. . . . He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being."

When Gladstone was just beginning his political career, he wrote that:

"This is an agitated and expectant age."

Yet, really, there was very little stirring in those early Victorian forties; to-day he would need to search the bottom of his vocabulary for words to express the distress of those who, both in England and America, consider it more comfortable to travel a beaten path than to find truth or do justice. The Standpatter class is composed of two groups: those who, either personally or as a class, find bread and butter (or, more likely, valets and yachts) on the side of resistance to progress, and those honest souls who are Standpatters because of intellectual limitations. John Morley described them:

"His inexhaustible patience of abuses that only torment others; his apologetic word for beliefs that may not be so precisely true as one might wish, and institutions that are not altogether so useful as one might think possible; his cordiality toward progress and improvement, in a general way, and his coldness or antipathy to each progressive proposal in particular; his pygmy hope that life will one day become somewhat better, punily shivering by the side of his gigantic conviction that it might well be infinitely worse."

Tennyson described England as:

"A land of settled government,
A land of old and just renown,
Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent."

These were fine old Tory phrases that sound well and don't get very far; they seem sardonic in connection with the pace with which democracy is spreading in England just now, a new democracy with a fine scorn of precedent. There's going to be more of

this commotion, rather than less, and those who are disturbed by it might as well try to get used to the noise.

ONE TEST

OF COURSE, it's very easy to beat the devil around the stump about those stolen delegates. Omitting the more important issues involved in the contest, consider, merely for its own interest, one minor aspect. In the following words from the recent Taft statement a partial explanation of the Texas decision is made:

"Of the 245 counties, there were 99 counties in which the total Republican vote was but 2,000. . . . The National Committee and the Committee on Credentials and the convention, after the fullest investigation, decided that these 99 counties in which the Republican vote was so small, and in which there was no Republican party, no convention, no primary, no organization, was not the proper source for a proxy to give a vote equal to that to be cast by the other 146 counties, in which there was a Republican organization, and in which primaries or conventions were held. . . . The two tribunals that heard the case decided that they should deduct the 99 votes from the total of 245 and give the representation to those who controlled the majority of the remainder."

The National Committee seated the Taft delegates by disfranchising utterly ninety-nine counties that had a Republican vote of only two thousand. If that same method were applied to all the Southern delegates, Taft would have lost fully a third of them. Consider South Carolina: The total Republican vote (for Taft in 1908) was 3,062. This was in the entire State, including Charleston and the other cities. Omit seven fairly strong Republican counties, and you will leave four-fifths of the State with less than two thousand Republican votes. But Taft voted 16 delegates from South Carolina. In Mississippi the Republican vote for the entire State was only a little over twice two thousand, 4,363. But Taft voted 17 delegates from Mississippi. The truth is that in four-fifths of the South there is, in the language of Mr. Taft's committee, "no Republican party, no convention, no primary, no organization." And the fact that one-fourth of every Republican National Convention is composed of fungus delegates, who exist for the sake of fraud and make fraud inevitable, is one of the best reasons why that party should cease to exist.

A FACT LOST SIGHT OF

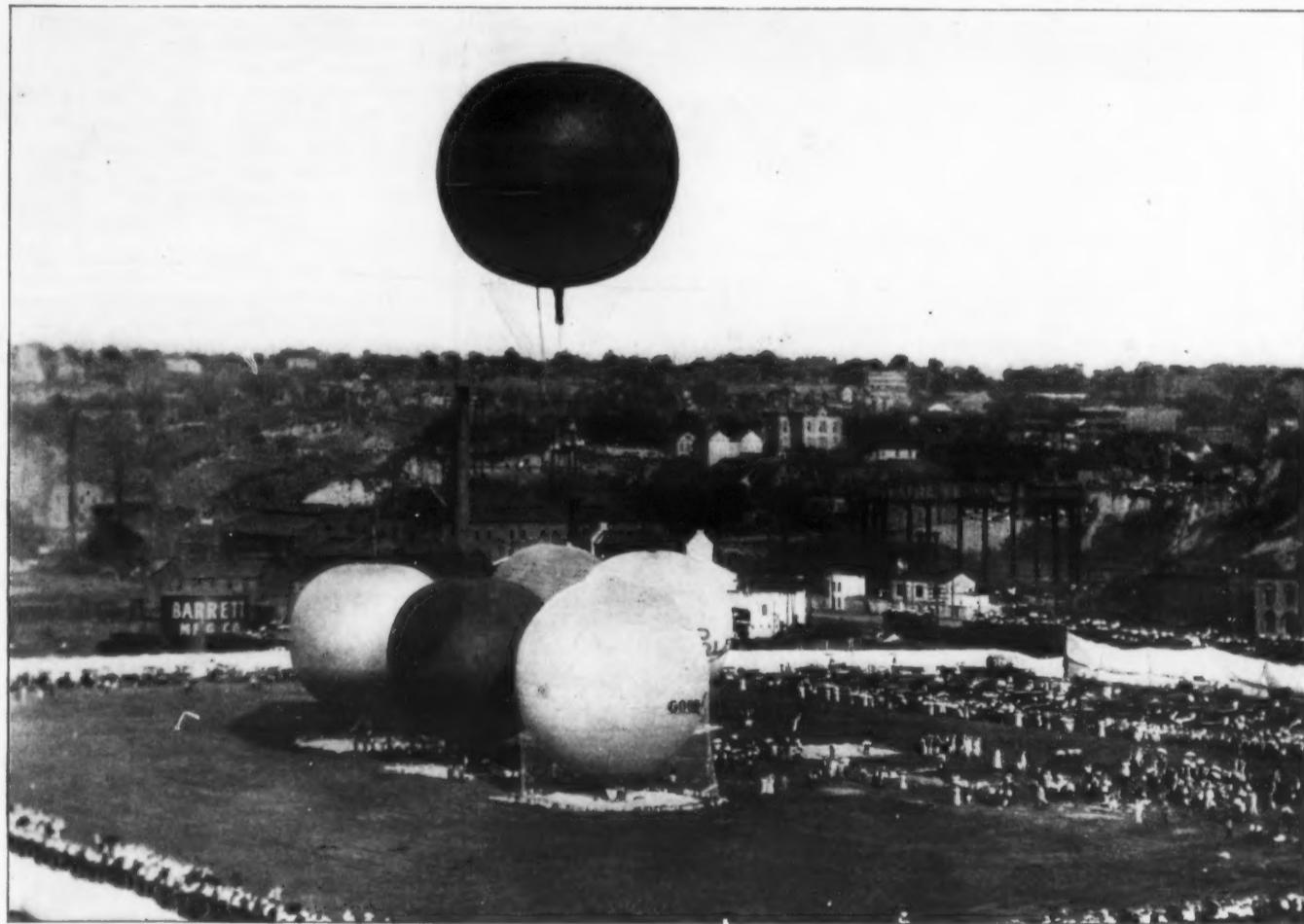
THE stealing of the delegates was important, of course, but discussion of the technicalities of that operation ought not to obscure an even more important question of morals. It is not denied that Roosevelt carried the primaries overwhelmingly in such States as Pennsylvania, Illinois, New Jersey, and Ohio, and that he was the choice of four-fifths of the rank and file of the party. Taft and his managers were in the position of finding some way to circumvent the will of the people. Whether, in doing so, they got outside of precedent and statute is, after all, of minor importance. These words were written by Stanford Conant of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin:

"Surely it is less dangerous to give a third term to one whom the people wish than to force a second term for one whom the people do not wish. . . . It is a question of morals."



Red Liberty Caps Worn at Suffrage Meeting

The Women's Social and Political Union, which is the organization of the militant suffragettes of England, held a mass meeting in Hyde Park on July 14. The date chosen was the birthday of the president of the union, Mrs. Pankhurst, and was also the anniversary of the storming of the Bastile. To emphasize this fact and the kinship which the women feel for the revolutionists of history, red liberty caps surmounted each banner pole. The meeting was one of the largest ever held by the advocates of votes for women



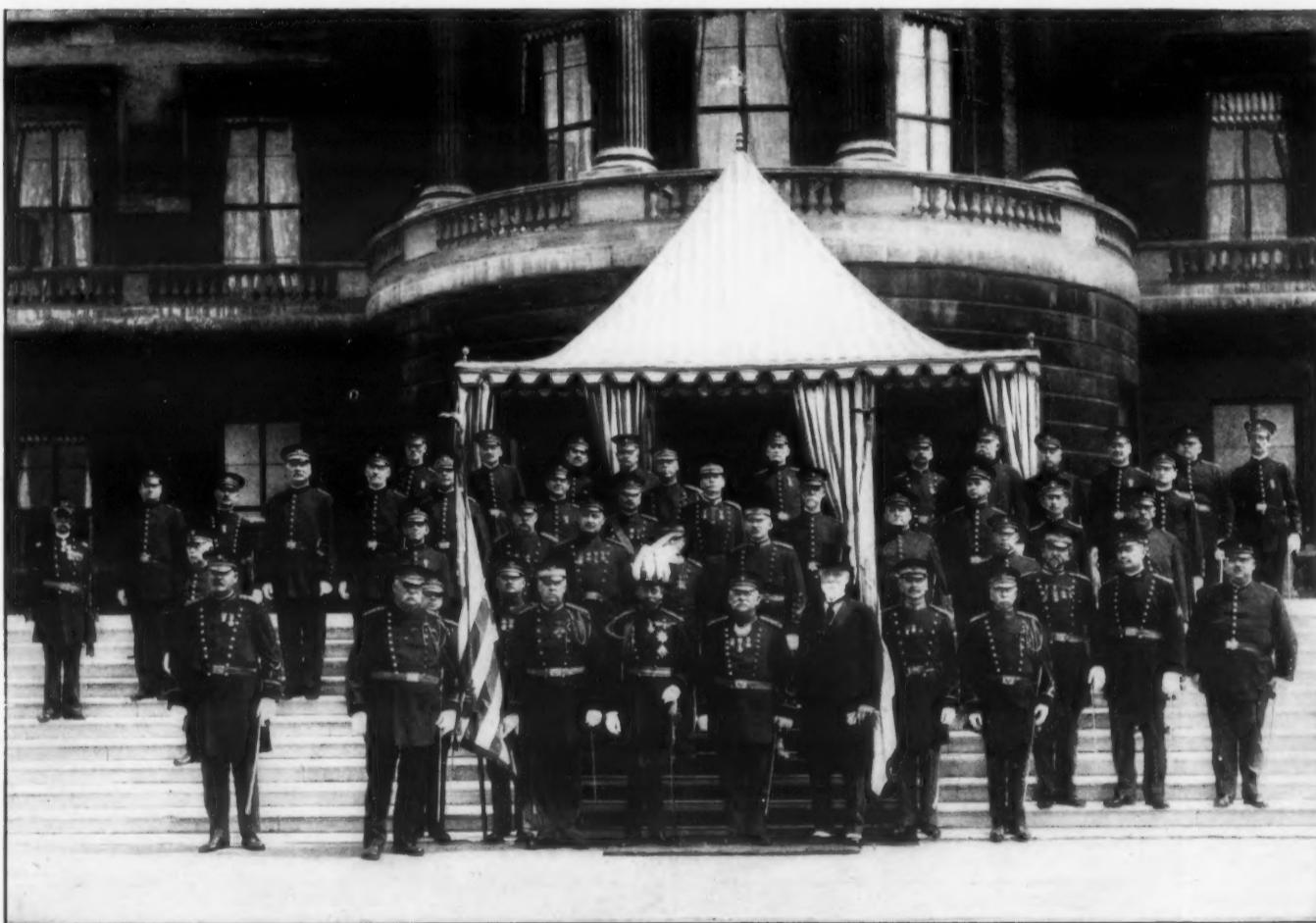
Start in the National Balloon Contest

A balloon contest was held July 27 to select three balloons to represent America in the James Gordon Bennett balloon race at Stuttgart, Germany, in October. Kansas City was the starting point, and seven balloons contested. The balloon Uncle Sam, the winner, reached Manassas, Virginia, covering 925 miles. The Kansas City II and Drifton, second and third, covered 640 and 425 miles



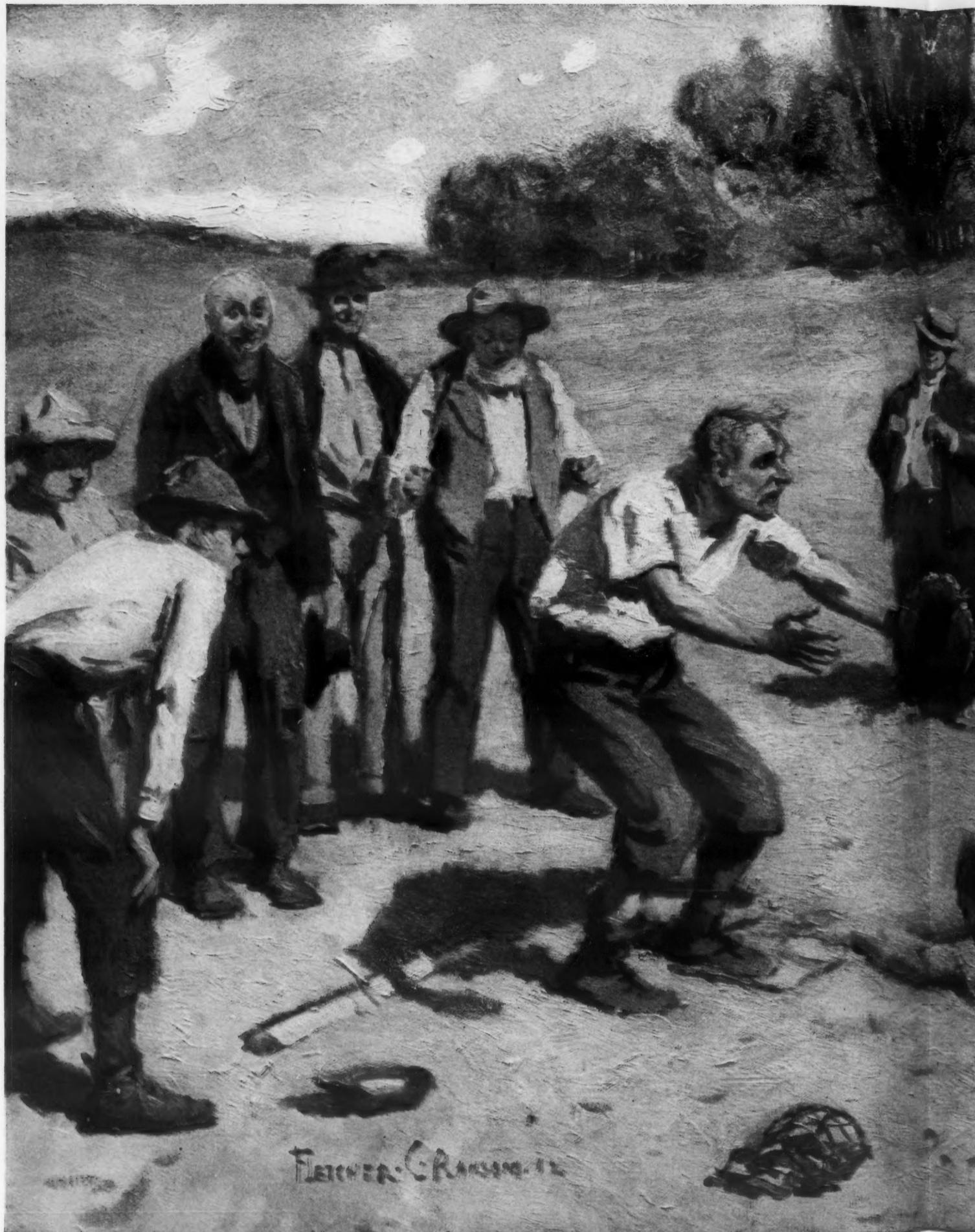
Suffrage Rioting at a Lloyd-George Meeting

David Lloyd-George, the dynamic Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain, is fighting the employers and the doctors over the provisions of the newly enacted Old Age National Insurance Law, but the militant suffragists are causing him more personal trouble than the industrial problems. This photograph was taken just after the Chancellor had been knocked down from behind at the entrance of Kensington Theatre by a man who proclaimed his sympathy for the women's cause. The Chancellor was not hurt badly.



The King of England Receives the Ancient and Honorable Artillerymen of Boston

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, on its ceremonial visit to London, where it arrived July 10, was received with military and court honors, culminating in an inspection by King George at Buckingham Palace. On the King's left is Captain Appleton and Ambassador Whitelaw Reid, and on the King's right are Adjutant Cody and, second from the end, Colonel Hedges



"Throw it, durn ye!"

DRAWN BY FLETCHER



urn ye! Throw it!"

FLETCHER C. RANSOM



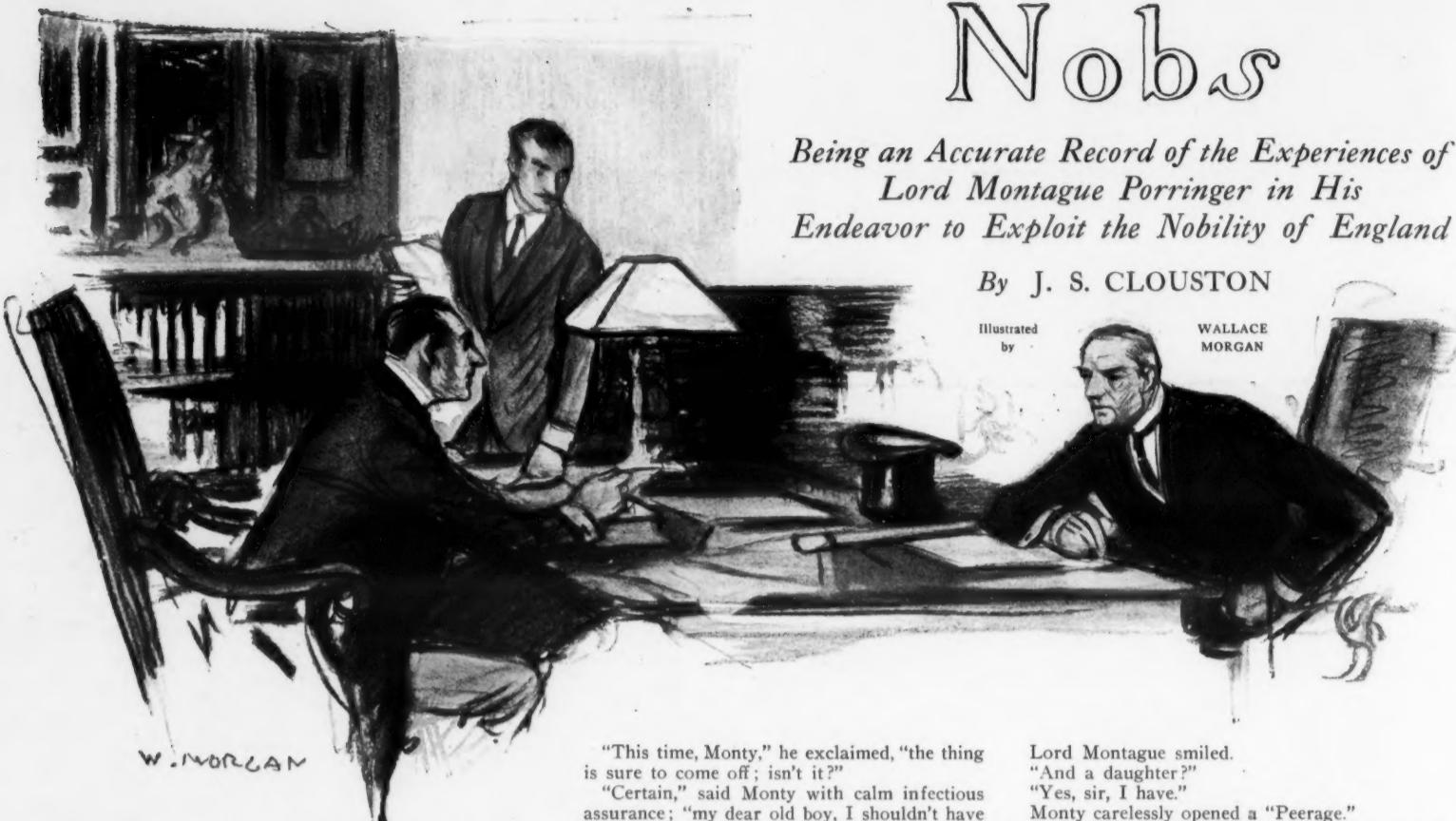
Nobs

*Being an Accurate Record of the Experiences of
Lord Montague Porringer in His
Endeavor to Exploit the Nobility of England*

By J. S. CLOUSTON

Illustrated
by

WALLACE
MORGAN



I. A Shooting Party

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

LORD MONTAGUE PORRINGER presents his compliments to Mr. —, and begs to inform him that he has much pleasure in offering his services to gentlemen and ladies desirous of forming a more intimate acquaintance with the nobility and celebrities of England. Lord Montague's near relationship to so many historic houses, his wide experience of society, and his unique record (he has been cross-examined by all the leading practitioners in the divorce and bankrupt courts, photographed with royalty on thirty-five occasions, and participated in most of the chief bridge and country-house scandals of recent years) render him an ideal cicerone to ingenues, nouveaux hommes, and dames laudably ambitious of entry into the haut monde. Lord Montague will be happy to receive clients between the hours of 11 A. M. and 1 P. M., and between 3 and 6 P. M. Terms on application.

BUSINESS ADDRESS: 546A NEW BOND STREET.
Telegraphic Address: "Nobs." Telephone: 15506 Mayfair.

"**T**HF THAT doesn't fetch 'em," said Lord Montague, gazing at this alluring card with an intelligent smile, "I don't know my world."

His secretary seemed almost equally pleased.

"The French looks well," said he.

"It gives it," observed his lordship, with the air of a connoisseur (as he undoubtedly was), "it gives it an appearance of delicacy. That *soupon* of French saves it from any suspicion of vulgarity. It is like my office door handle—you have noticed the door handle, Algie?"

"Yes," said Algie. "I found it rather difficult to turn. I suppose there's a knack in it."

Lord Montague beamed.

"There is no knack in it. No one will ever learn to turn that handle easily. They wouldn't notice it if they did; and I didn't invest in a high art, hammered-steel door knob to have it pass unnoticed. My clients will say: 'He is aristocratic down to his door handle!'"

"But—er—excuse my asking, is that kind of handle aristocratic?"

"Not in the least," said Lord Montague, "but the kind of people who answer this advertisement will think it is. Get it into your head, Algie, my boy, that we are here to convince the public, not the peerage."

ALGIE looked at him with fresh admiration. Lord Montague was indeed well fitted for his new rôle. He stood over six feet in his socks (which were of a pale purple hue, with a crisp design in dark green), and though still in the thirties, his figure already might aptly be described as portly. His clean-shaven face possessed that full contour which goes so well with a portly presence; his eyes were large and lustrous; his expression was full of benignant confidence; his voice deep and firm; his manner suave yet dignified; and he wore a fur-lined coat. No proper person to convince a client could be conceived. Algie was his cousin and had known him since infancy, yet he still paid him the high compliment of believing in him; a compliment all the higher since he had paid heavily for believing in Monty's previous speculations.

"This time, Monty," he exclaimed, "the thing is sure to come off; isn't it?"

"Certain," said Monty with calm infectious assurance; "my dear old boy, I shouldn't have brought you into it if it wasn't a winner!"

At the age of eighteen this scion of the ducal but impoverished house of Porringer had left Eton with the firm determination to become not merely great but affluent. "It is an age of push," he had announced to his somewhat scandalized parents, "and I mean to push!" In vain his father besought him to remember the dignified traditions of his race. Monty had merely dubbed them "unenterprising." In vain his mother begged him not to mingle too promiscuously with the vulgar crowd. Monty had presently joined the Stock Exchange. It is true that, much to her relief, his career in that sphere of usefulness had been brought to an early and summary conclusion (it was then that he had first been cross-examined by the specialists quoted in his prospectus), yet the relief was but temporary. Within six months Monty had floated a patent cure for dyspepsia, boils, and neuritis. Another cross-examination followed; and then he reappeared as chairman of the Uru-Uru Exploitation Syndicate.

To trace in detail his subsequent adventures in the now happily allied realms of society and finance would take us too far from our present theme. It is sufficient to say that he had deserved to succeed, and that at the end of them he still retained his fur coat and enough credit to hire this small but eligible office.

"Certainly," began Algie, "if people really do want a fellow to introduce them—"

He was interrupted by a tap on the office door and what sounded like a fruitless attempt to turn the aristocratic handle.

Algernon leaped up and opened the door, and a stranger entered. He was of middle age and middle height, spare of frame, firm jawed, and equipped with a singularly astute eye. Either his clothes were brand new or else he was miraculously valeted—probably both, Lord Montague decided after a glance at his diamond tie pin.

"Lord Porringer?" inquired the stranger.

"Lord Montague Porringer," replied his lordship aloud, adding to himself: "American—millionaire—wants a duke for his daughter!"

THE visitor held out a card. On this was inscribed: "Mr. Abraham Q. Chestlenutt, 2567 West 150th Street, Domville City, Michigan."

Lord Montague bowed.

"Chestlenutt's world-famous collapsible boot-trees, I presume?" he inquired with gracious condescension, yet with an intonation of flattering respect for the purveyor of this world-famous article.

"That's me," said Mr. Chestlenutt.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

Mr. Chestlenutt eyed him for a moment warily. On the whole, however, his first impression seemed to be favorable. Then he drew from his pocket his lordship's attractive prospectus.

"Say," he asked, "this mean business?"

Lord Montague looked at him gravely.

"If you can meet my terms, sir, certainly."

The millionaire seemed pleased with this evidence of business ability.

"Don't you worry about the terms," said he. "What I fancy I can pay for; see?"

"I see," said his lordship with an air that suggested he had seen for some minutes.

"Now, sir," continued Mr. Chestlenutt, "the fact is, I have a wife."

Lord Montague smiled.

"And a daughter?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

Monty carelessly opened a "Peerage."

"I have an excellent assortment of names," he observed. "What does she require?"

"She requires," said Mr. Chestlenutt, deliberately and impressively, "the Marquis of Reading."

Lord Montague started.

"But, my dear sir, he is married already!"

"Married?" said Mr. Chestlenutt. "She don't want to be married! She wants to be photographed."

Lord Montague closed the "Peerage."

"Photographed?" he repeated.

"Yes, sir." Mr. Chestlenutt drew from his overcoat pocket a folded newspaper and pointed to an illustration that covered half a page. "Just you look on that!"

LORD MONTAGUE looked. He saw that the paper was entitled the "Domville City Weekly Budget," and that the illustration represented a distinguished-looking group of people, the gentlemen in shooting costume, the ladies equally picturesquely attired. In the background was the front door of a country house; below the picture were the names of the party, and below them again this legend in bold capitals:

"The Earl of Peppington's shooting party gets shot (snapshot, see?). Our fellow citizens, Mr. Matthew P. Licklove, his charming wife, Mrs. Matthew P. Licklove, and his lovely daughter, Miss Molly P. Licklove, mingle with England's patrician nobility. Guess Matt will talk some when he gets back to Domville City! What's Abe Q. Chestlenutt doing? We don't see him in this crowd. Buck up, Abe!"

"Well, sir?" inquired Lord Montague.

"I've got to buck up," said Abe Q. Chestlenutt firmly, though without enthusiasm.

Monty reflected.

"I think I might get you an invitation to Peppington's place, if you don't mind paying for it."

Mr. Chestlenutt shook his head somberly.

"You don't know Mrs. Abe Q. Chestlenutt," he said, "and you don't know Miss Tilly Q. Chestlenutt either. They want to beat Matt Licklove, and when an American woman wants anything—" He broke off and his depression deepened. "That's how it is," he added wearily.

"Do they insist on Lord Reading?"

"The Marquis of Reading it's got to be," said the millionaire. "There's none of your nobility so respected in America. My daughter, sir, worships him!"

LORD MONTAGUE grew extremely thoughtful. His acquaintance with Lord Reading was slight, that highly respected nobleman happening to adorn a somewhat different set from Monty. His name had never been associated with even a trace of a bridge or country house scandal; he had been Prime Minister, president of the British Association, and almost everything else that distinguishes the serious from the frivolous patrician; his industry was proverbial, his distaste for publicity extreme, his sense of honor fastidious and of humor slight, and his fortune probably greater even than Mr. Chestlenut's. To crown all, his health was at this time in an extremely precarious state.

"Must it be Lord Reading?" he exclaimed.

"It must, sir," replied Mr. Chestlenutt mournfully.

"Can't you tell them he is too ill to give shooting parties?"

"I have told them, but it don't seem to matter. They simply won't believe they can't get everything they want! They don't much care about the shooting party!"

(Mr. Chestlenutt's voice sank confidentially). "My wife don't want particular to stay in a country house; she's heard too much about garters being tied to bedroom doors. But they mean to be photographed! And I've got to manage it for 'em. And if you can't help me—well, I guess I must look for some one who can."

For the first time in many years Mr. Chestlenutt's eye entirely lost its astuteness. It expressed pathos alone. Though a comparative stranger, Lord Montague seemed touched. In a very gentle voice he inquired:

"Are they familiar with Lord Reading's appearance?"

THE millionaire's eye recovered its astuteness almost magically.

"They only know him from pictures."

"I might manage it," said Monty with an abstracted air.

Mr. Chestlenutt approached his ear with an extraordinarily sagacious expression.

"Mind you, they ain't fools."

"No more am I," said Monty.

"I'll ask no questions," continued Mr. Chestlenutt in the same earnest voice, "this is up to them, not to me. But there's got to be in that group four things for certain. First, the right people: the Marquis of Reading, Abe Q. Chestlenutt, Mrs. Abe Q. Chestlenutt, Miss Tilly Q. Chestlenutt, and another nob or two. You'd do for one if you can't raise anyone higher. Second, one of those things people sit on for shooting."

"A shooting stick?" suggested Monty, notebook in hand.

"That may be its name; anyhow, it's got to be in; it was in the Peppington photo. Third, some dead pheasants. The Peppingtons hadn't got them, so we'll go one better there!"

"About how many?" inquired Lord Montague, with his pencil raised.

"Oh, say ten; or perhaps you'd better make it fifteen."

"Fifteen dead pheasants," murmured Monty. "Yes?"

"Fourth, a historic country seat in the background. That's their minimum."

"They shall have them all," said Monty.

The millionaire grasped his hand.

"What's your fee?" he asked.

Lord Montague looked at him.

"How much relief would you feel if it came off?"

"Well, I guess—about five hundred dollars' worth."

"And I'd feel about the same amount of professional satisfaction. Five hundred and five hundred makes one thousand."

"Seven hundred and fifty?" suggested the millionaire, though evidently more from the force of habit than any disinclination to be generous.

Monty shook his head.

"Won't it be worth a thousand?"

"It will," agreed the millionaire, "if it comes off all right."

"Half the fee in advance is my usual—"

"No, sir! I pay for value received. When I hear the camera click, that one thousand dollars is yours!"

Monty sighed—but pressed his departing client's hand like a philosopher.

M R. PATRICK O'CALLAGHAN shuffled leisurely across London Bridge. Had he run, walked, or even sauntered, his boots would probably have fallen off. Accordingly Mr. O'Callaghan took no risks. He shuffled. At the farther end of the bridge his observant eye noted an odd phenomenon. Two handsomely attired gentlemen ("toffs," he mentally termed them, especially the taller, who wore a truly magnificent fur coat) were stationed in one of the embrasures, staring with the closest attention at every man who passed.

When he, in turn, came within their focus, they started simultaneously.

"His very living image!" exclaimed the taller.

"It might be himself in disguise!" murmured the other.

A moment later a hand was laid firmly but kindly on Mr. O'Callaghan's shoulder.

"Would you like to earn five quid, my friend?" said the fur-coated gentleman.

Mr. O'Callaghan stared. He had lived for many years in this world, but no one had ever thought of asking him this question before.

"Me, sorr?" said he.

"Yes, you, my man."

"Bedad but I would, sorr!"

The magnificent individual hailed a cab.

"Jump in!" he said.

For reasons already indicated, Mr. O'Callaghan could not jump. He shuffled in, however.

That evening Mr. Chestlenutt received the following satisfactory and business letter:

STRICTLY PRIVATE

MY DEAR SIR—I have much pleasure in informing you that after a long consultation with Lord R.'s physician, he has consented to let his distinguished patient accede to your flattering request. He will not, however, hear of Lord R. traveling down to his country seat in his present state of health, so that the photograph must be taken nearer London. This need not cause you any anxiety, as I know of several available suburban residences which would form an equally impressive background. Sir James also lays it down as an essential condition that his noble patient must breathe entirely through his nose while exposed to the autumnal air. This, unfortunately, will preclude Lord R. from taking part in any conversation. His lordship greatly regrets this, and begs me to apologize in advance for his enforced silence. He trusts that on some future occasion he may have an opportunity of making amends and endeavoring to confirm the flattering impression of his character which he is gratified to learn has been formed by Miss Chestlenutt. He adds that he will be greatly obliged if you will do him the favor of publishing this photograph only in America. He is doing this, he says, for the sake of a fair American, and therefore desires that it should appear in her country alone (I quote his lordship's ipsissima verba).

Trusting that these arrangements will meet with your approval, I am, my dear sir,

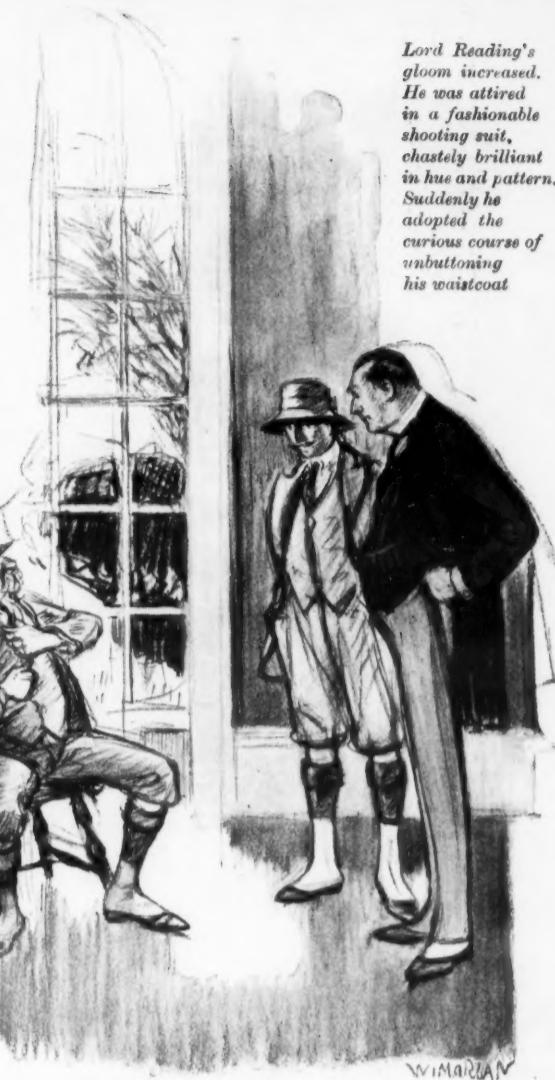
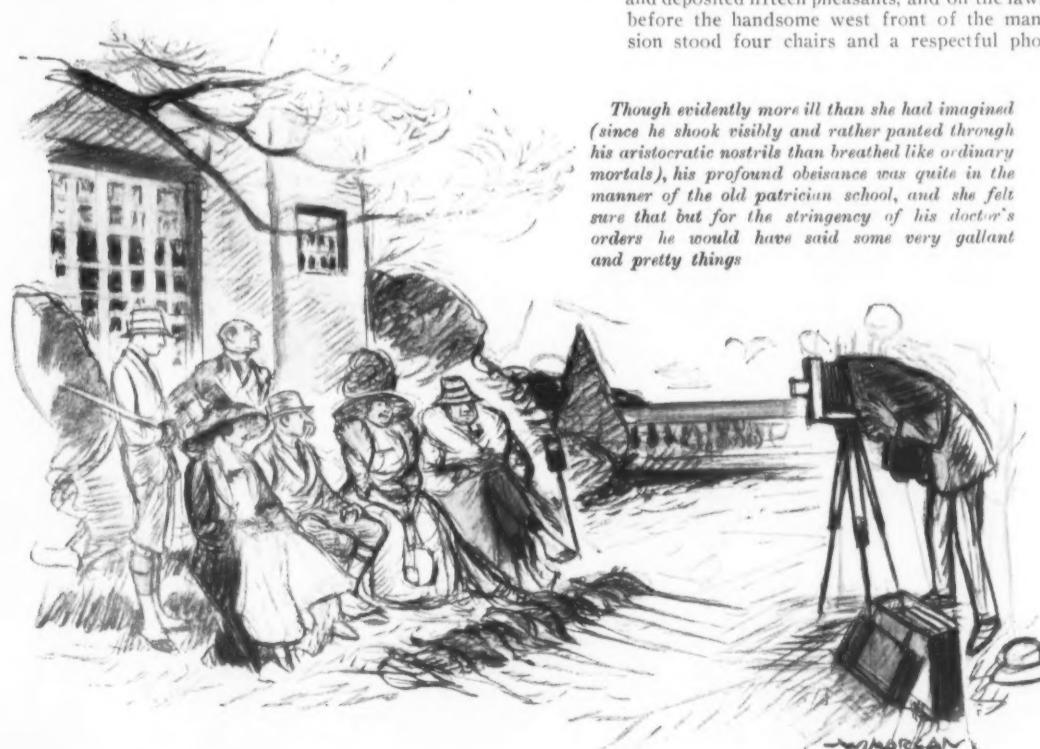
Yours faithfully, MONTAGUE PORRINGER.

"Well!" cried Miss Chestlenutt. "I don't know what ipsissima verba means, but I call this real sweet!"

Her father smiled affectionately.

R EPORT is notoriously untrustworthy. It was rumored in town that Lord Reading's health was extremely precarious, yet here he was, not even in bed but sitting in the stately though unfurnished drawing-room of Ap-Penrhyn House, Putney Heath, with no very striking symptoms of disease. In honor, apparently, of his lordship's arrival, a board with the words "To Let" had been removed from the front gate half an hour previously, a poultice's van had just driven up and deposited fifteen pheasants, and on the lawn before the handsome west front of the mansion stood four chairs and a respectful pho-

Though evidently more ill than she had imagined (since he shook visibly and rather panted through his aristocratic nostrils than breathed like ordinary mortals), his profound obeisance was quite in the manner of the old patrician school, and she felt sure that but for the stringency of his doctor's orders he would have said some very gallant and pretty things



Lord Reading's gloom increased. He was attired in a fashionable shooting suit, chastely brilliant in hue and pattern. Suddenly he adopted the curious course of unbuttoning his waistcoat

tographer; yet even these tributes did not seem to satisfy the Marquis.

"Make it ten quid, Guv'nor!" he persisted.

Inferior in rank though he was, Lord Montague maintained a firm, one might almost say a dominating, attitude.

"Eight quid; not a farthing more," he replied. "And that's three more than I promised you."

Lord Reading's gloom increased. He was attired in a fashionable shooting suit, chastely brilliant in hue and pattern. Suddenly he adopted the curious course (especially for an invalid) of unbuttoning his waistcoat.

"Thin, sorr, I takes off me clothes!" he announced.

Lord Montague laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Steady, my man!" he said. "You'll get nothing at all if you play the fool."

"And no more will you, sorr!" retorted the Marquis defiantly.

"Yes," said Monty calmly, "we shall both suffer."

Lord Reading ceased to unbutton himself, but continued moody.

At that moment Algie entered. His air was far from calm. For a minute he moved restlessly about the room and then came up to his cousin.

"Dash it, Monty," he whispered, "they must have seen it!"

"It wasn't on the posters when we left town," said Monty soothingly. "They may not have heard. Anyhow we must take our chance."

This whispered consultation and Algie's anxious air seemed to inspire the Marquis to fresh contumacy.

"Ten quid, Guv'nor!" he exclaimed. "Or off goes me coat!"

"Give it to him!" implored Algie.

Lord Montague looked at the exalted personage gravely and steadily.

"I'll make it nine," he said, "and that's the last word on the subject."

"They're coming!" exclaimed Algie, rushing to the window.

A LARGE motor car was whizzing up the drive.

"Then they don't know," said Monty.

"Or perhaps they've come to—"

"Ahem!" coughed Monty loudly and sternly.

Algie glanced guiltily at the Marquis and paused. His cousin turned to their distinguished friend.

"Now's the time to show your mettle," said he. "Remember, keep your mouth shut hard. Breathe through your nose—like this. And now, once more, let's see you do your bow."

There seemed to be fear as well as obstinacy in the Marquis's reply.

"Guv'nor," he said hoarsely, "me throat's that dry it's like a biscuit! Just a drop, sorr, to put the divil into me!"

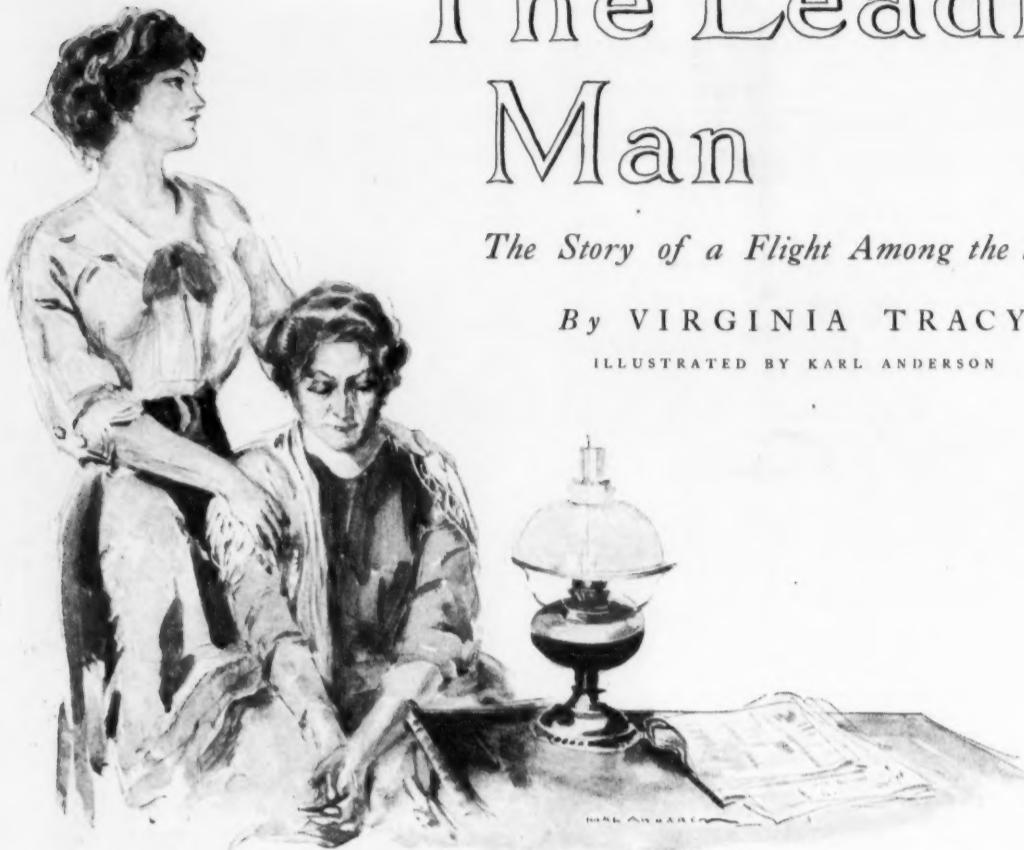
(Concluded on page 24)

The Leading Man

The Story of a Flight Among the Stars

By VIRGINIA TRACY

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL ANDERSON



I was rejoiced afther, but I was a corp'ril, wanst

NOT that he belonged to that great vanished race whose D'Artagnans and Clancartys—those giants of beauty and romance—with their wheels flying over debts, reputations, and the hearts of ladies, drive coach and four through the legends of an earlier day.

Nor was he one of those engaging, if slighter, spirits of our own hour, carrying within them some happy secret of charm, rhythm, or appeal; who chance, by any accident, upon the live wire of a sympathetic part, and, flashing their personal electricity upon a public eager to be dazzled, blaze, almost in a night, from obscurity to stardom.

There was nothing electric about Roley Bingham. (They called him Roland, of course, on the programs.) He was merely and simply a representative leading man, of the modern, successful, metropolitan type; that is to say, he was a tall, pleasant-looking, conventionally groomed, conventionally educated, orderly, reliable, solid man; reasonably industrious, practically sober, of a rather phlegmatic and domestic temperament, a clear eye to the main chance, and a long, admirable record for careful and exceedingly excellent acting of indifferent parts in insignificant plays. More briefly, he was as exact an opposite as can be imagined of the public's ideal of that type.

IT WILL be seen that this amenable creature was formed to be the prop of managers. The only wonder was that they had never been able to make him a star. Over and over again had he been lighted up in the twinkling firmament, but he had never managed to keep alight there; no one—neither analyst nor matinée girl—being able to understand why. Each of these ventures, however—failure and temporary loss though it might be—gave his name an increased prominence and added to his expensiveness. So that at the age of forty—when he looked about the thirty of a business man—he was drawing the very unusual salary of four hundred dollars a week.

And he felt that he must have more. His wife—who belonged to literary clubs and had written a couple of one-act plays that had got as far as being produced at benefits—was not very strong; he wanted to send her south hereafter for the hard part of the winters. He wanted a motor, for he was tired of commuting in railway trains; he was determined to send both his boys through college, and that his little girl should have all the very latest improvements upon dancing and deportment.

He felt poor and restricted. Yet when Bowling came to him with another proposition for starring he was held back by the fear of failure, and of idleness that might last the better part of a season.

But after he had talked it over with his wife the contracts were drawn up. Bowling was to take him out in little Willins's new play, "The Milestone." And Bowling was a new man whose pushing business was still in rather a small way. This was his one venture in that bad season; he was excitedly enthusiastic about Willins's play and about Roley as the only procurable man who could play it; therefore he deferred to him—

to Roley, of course, not to Willins—almost as though he had money in it.

Singularly enough, Roley felt, dumbly, something distasteful in this deference; which should have gratifyingly fenced him off as one publicly superior to the fortunes of his fellows. Roley was now a possible employer, and it was the worst year the theatrical business had ever known. The pinch of it was felt in places higher than any to which Roley himself had mounted; and through the drawn blinds and turned locks of comfort, in home and club and theatre, the spreading malady and misery of it crept in as a fog pervades the most fortified of palaces. And Roley, somehow, felt a little awkward at being so brightly lighted in this fog.

His tremors were a trifle premature. By the time the play had been tried out on its opening one-night stand, he was in a fair way to have failed again.

THE cab set down Roley and Bowling at the door of a sepulchral and mangy hotel, wrapped in the thin drizzle of the day as in its own discouragement. Inside the bleary windows of the office two or three men of the company—cheered by sputtering steam pipes, speckled advertisements of gayeties largely passed, discarded newspapers, and a couple of gnawed and irrelevant rubber plants—teetered in rush-bottom armchairs, smoking and looking out upon the main street of Millburg in a vacuity which, upon the sight of Roley, veiled a lax, a passive reproach.

For the company knew that the play was a failure, and that it, the company, rehearsing day and night, was being worked to death for nothing. It was a week to-night since the piece had been produced, and the company knew perfectly well that the only things which were ever going to be made out of it were a possible raise in Roley Bingham's future salary, and the complete fame and fortune of the little girl who was playing the ingenue part. This was a great part, better than the leading woman's, and little Miss Derry had only to play it a single night on Broadway to be simply and entirely "made." The company acclaimed her ravishing perfection, but its sympathy would have been greater had she not been a protégée of the Binghams.

Not that Roley, still highly eligible for gossip and equally circumspect, had paid much attention to her. But the company knew, as things are somehow always known, that he and Mrs. Bingham had had a struggle to get Bowling even to look at an unknown girl for what had turned out the best part in the piece—though Bowling had given way the minute he had set eyes on her. It observed that whatever cuts were made, her part was never cut. It would have been prepared to find a new scene written in for her in the entirely new last act which was to be rehearsed this afternoon.

IN ORDER that the management might not see it looking idle, the company had carefully rehearsed over Sunday without this new last act, without Bowling, who had gone to New York on business, and without Roley, who had snatched a star's prerogative and rushed home after the Saturday night's performance. Now that he had got back to rehearse, he couldn't help remembering how last night, at dinner, his wife had

asked him if he really meant to do that changed climax. He had flown out at her: "Well, can I help it, Enid? There's Willins—if he lets Bowling change it! Is it my fault?" Then she had said "No," and looked at the tablecloth. Roley foresaw that he would need a considerable deal of Willins's cheerful acquiescence to do away with the tone in which she had said it.

There was but one hotel in the town. The advance man had secured Roley the best rooms, and he was soon ensconced amid a wilderness of dingy, though stiff, lace curtains; plush furniture a little eccentric in the springs; cheap mirrors; little, glazed, unsteady tables, and spittoons. By the time he had wiped all traces of sooty fog off his skin and on to a limp, sodden towel, he began to think he would run up and see Willins for a minute before rehearsal. He had noted that gentleman's number from the register, and he picked up his hat, so that they might go to the theatre together. He would have liked an overcoat, but he was afraid of looking old if he wore an overcoat before December.

The halls were very dark, and the odor of old carpets, old wall paper, rat-infested wood, muddy footprints, and the rising greases of a midday dinner was occasionally torn by gusts of raw air which struck clammy upon Roley's spirit. His way—inquired of an occasional dazzled and bedraggled chambermaid splashing water in a quasi sink—led him through a labyrinth of these murky corridors to that actors' row of the worst rooms in the house, where the hall carpet is no longer even mended and in the dirty globes the feeble gaslight of richer spheres is dispensed with altogether.

AMID the uncertainties of these moldering and drafty caverns he gave a disgusted knock on a door that might be Willins's. The door was almost simultaneously flung open, and he was confronted upon the threshold by a palpitant, glowing, flowering figure of Maytime and the early dawn.

"Oh!" said the vision with a soft little jump. And then the tender-colored blossom of her face came all alight with pleasure. "Oh, come in, Mr. Roley! How are you? Did you see momma? How's Auntie Teddy?"

Thus did this small and impudent blossom, in the first far-coming breeze of success, allude to Enid, her star's wife and a dramatic authoress! For this was Phyllis Derry—Phyllis Julian Fairfax Derry, no less!—who was to be "made" by the first night of "The Milestone" in New York.

"Hallo, Judy-Bunch!" responded "The Milestone's" star. "Everybody's well and sends their love. And I've got a present for you downstairs."

"Oh, what?" demanded the girl. Her teeth came together with a little click. You saw then that presents must have been rare and dearly desired. She had not learned to stand so squarely on her bits of feet without having had to show courage and plant herself firmly against cold blasts in a hard world. Her charming head carried itself with pride; she was not all ethereal peach bloom and blue, kind eyes of a shy candor; in her very slenderness she was strongly made, with something sturdy, something square-shouldered and even obstinate in the light mold of her youth, like the sturdiness of some demure, some delectable and dimpled pony. From the shine of her glance, the closing of her soft

mouth, the lift of her eager breath, it was perfectly plain that she wanted her present. It was almost equally deducible that, from what she once laid hold of, she would not be easily detached.

"Oh, it's just a heavy coat your mother thought you'd be needing," Roley responded. "It's one of those backwoods ulsters with fur collars to them—silver fox—and cuffs. The weather's changed so, your mother—"

"Oh, no, Mr. Roley, it wasn't momma."

She had been listening with a rising rosiness that flushed up now over even the little triangle of her forehead under the thick, smooth closeness of the cap of her dark hair. "It wasn't momma. Momma couldn't buy me anything like that. She couldn't have paid her board till I got my first salary if you and Aunt Teddy hadn't asked her to stop with you." She took a quick breath. "It was you who noticed that mean little hateful jacket to my old suit, and you wrote Auntie Ted, and she had the coat when you got there. That's how it was." She held back the shining little floods that trembled in her eyes.

AND Roley, very much frightened, hastily stammered: "Why—my dear little girl—I never thought—we didn't mean—to—hurt you—"

"Hurt me! I perfectly love to have you give it to me." Her head was a trifle lowered, but she put out one hand and laid it, with a gesture at once humble and quaintly protective, upon his arm. "You are both—dears," she said.

She turned away, but with the ingenuous stiffness of a well-brought-up little person, whose social experience has been less worldly than gentle, she informed him, out of, so to speak, the back of her head: "I'd be pleased to have you sit down."

He sat down, fixing his eyes, with equally formal politeness, on the faded pink of a cotton crêpe dressing gown, sedately folded over the footboard of a bed.

She began to tidy a bureau that did not need tidying. "That's your picture, Mr. Roley, that momma had when she was a girl. And that's momma and me when I was six—when you knew us before. Did you think momma had changed a good deal when you saw her again?"

"Poor Margaret!" he said, before he knew what he was saying. He added: "What a cunning button of a baby you were, Judy! I suppose you think I ought to say *you've changed*." He jeered at her with the heavy lightness of our elders. "Of course, you've grown gray-headed in ten years!"

"Twelve," she corrected him. She rescued the photographs from his frivolity and attempted to be imposing with a handkerchief case. "Doesn't momma make me pretty things? Oh, I do like so to have things nice! I'm starting a white set now I'm drawing a salary—at least, it isn't exactly *started* yet, but I got this little ivory cold-cream jar at the ten-cent store—it isn't *real* ivory, of course—"

Roley laughed. After all, there was scarcely five years between her and his own girl. "Wait till we've played New York, my child," he said, "and you can buy a set of real ivory, from a shoehorn to a back comb—do they wear 'em now?"

HE executed a movement which it would be idle to describe as sophisticated: folding herself suddenly into a chair and sitting on her feet. "Oh, Mr. Roley!" she implored with staring eyes, "do you think we surely will get into New York?"

The cry was tactless. But that tight little clutch of hers was pressing sharply on the unreal ivory jar.

Poor Roley took the unconscious slap without a groan. Its only result was a tremendous boyish desire to be indiscreet. He knew something which he ought not to tell. And he told it. "Look here, Phyllis, can you keep a secret? We open on Broadway, at the Sheridan, two weeks from to-night."

"Oh, Mr. Roley!" Her color fled. He continued to be stared at by a pale little face, and she pressed one hand against her throat. It meant too much to her.

He no more nor less than fired him across the room—mercifully, accidentally, not breaking his neck



"No, he didn't. He—he kissed me"

Youth oughtn't to know such pangs, thought Roley, who had forgotten his own youth. He felt rather uncomfortable.

"It's settled. Bowling signed the contracts this morning. Chesney—of the Goldman offices, you know—came down and saw us on the quiet last week. You'll probably think he's something of a sport, Judy-Bunch, now that the Goldmans have given us time at the Sheridan. Chesney says the last thing they had there fell down so hard they're curious to see if anything can fall harder. As he says, it's just a race this season to see who'll close first, and they've got to keep on making entries." He looked at her wistfully, willing to be a little consoled. But finding her mute and intent, he added: "But that won't make any difference to you, my dear, once they've seen you. You'll be refusing offers all winter while poor Aunt Ted and Mr. Roley are sitting on the steps of the Actors' Fund."

She tried to smile, but the whole tide of her life was flowing upon serious business. She took up another photograph and looked at it with the long glance which turned to challenge as he held out his hand. "And here's my father," she said, as if continuing. Reluctantly Roley took the picture.

Once he had looked at it, he looked at it a long time. Yes, that was Julian. Since she had, safely, her mother's goodness, little Judy was just as well off perhaps with her father's face. His winning, touching, spirited little imp of a young face, as yet unshadowed with the cruel shadows of his indulgences and tantrums! Roley had a good heart and he sighed. He had an almost childish reverence for fine acting, and the thought of Julian's came back to him.

Yet he wondered if Margaret had ever regretted things. Quite meekly he considered that she must have put in worse hours with her brilliant choice than she could ever have suffered from the clumsy boy in his first year on the stage, whom she, as five years older and leading lady, had merely smiled at, tolerantly, and consoled with an introduction to her very dear young

friend—ah, Enid! He couldn't have borne to have Enid marry anyone else! Particularly anyone who mightn't have understood her ways as well as he did—he didn't presume to understand her himself altogether.

HYLLIS had sat down in front of him, quietly, with folded hands. "Mr. Roley!" she said, "I haven't thanked you for my coat yet."

"Well, you haven't got it yet, either."

"I don't want to joke, Mr. Roley. I want to say: You didn't like poppa, Mr. Roley, did you?"

"Why, my dear little girl—"

"Nobody did—after a while. Only we did, momma and I—anyhow. And I know you and Aunt Teddy stayed friends with—us—as long as you could on our account. But what I mean is: I want you to understand it was always that way. Momma wouldn't be friends with anybody that wouldn't be friends with him. And so there wasn't—anyone—for us. Not after poppa died, even. We'd got used to being by ourselves. But, Mr. Roley—I think often and often—we were too lonesome. We were just as lonely as people can be. There wasn't ever anybody." In the pause her eyes dropped to Roley's expensive waistcoat. She added: "And no money."

Roley produced two words, "Your father—" and stuck dead.

"Yes, poppa made some money sometimes. But it would have been better if he'd let momma make it. My being twelve years old when—if she hadn't been off the stage so long, it wouldn't have been so hard for her to get back. If she hadn't cried so much, being by ourselves, she wouldn't have looked so sort of—worn out. She was so afraid I would get to look like that! I tell you that was what was hardest for us, Mr. Roley—keeping nice."

"Nice, dear?"

"Yes. Not sort of *sunk*. You know how—well, *greasy* things are when you haven't *any* money for anything. Ever. Year after year. Always. You get so used to looking for the cheapest things and doing things the cheapest way—except that most of them you just *don't* do—you feel as if that was how you were made; as if you weren't like other people—and the people you *can* be like you don't *want* to be like. You feel, as if your *skin* were getting to be like that. And momma's been simply determined mine shouldn't. She always says: 'I mean my girl to have a girl's things.' Sometimes I feel as if she'd taken pieces of herself to make them."

ROLEY looked at the scant little rosy dressing gown and the embroidered handkerchief case with opened eyes.

"All the time she was afraid—of coming to really nothing, you know. Of course, I wasn't, while I was little. We thought it would be better when I grew up. And when it wasn't, I began to be afraid. They say times are hard. Momma got no work at all—and she tried embroidery and sewing, but she didn't seem to get *in right*—and the companies I went out with broke up—and I got almost no money—and then I can't act the way people like in those companies. I try, but I can't—indeed, I have *tried* to be just sort of heavy and the way people never do things, but I don't seem to know how—yes, I began to be afraid. Momma said my eyes were scared. It was then she sat down and wrote to Auntie Ted."

Roley put out his great hand and covered both hers—they were very cold. "It's all going to be different now," he said.

"Yes, that's why I'm telling you. When you came to that horrid boarding house, as soon as they saw you they were willing to wait for some money. As soon as I saw you, I knew something would happen. I never did forget how I used to have Christmas trees at your house. When I used to see your bills on fences, I would amuse myself telling myself: 'We know some one very grand.' When snippy people were snobby to me, I could think: 'You never knew anybody that amounted to anything as well as we used to know the Roland Bingham's!' And as for trying to get passes: 'If poppa hadn't quarreled with Mr. Roley, Aunt Teddy would take me everywhere in her box!' I used to tell myself stories that she'd meet me on the street and say you would introduce me to managers. And then one day I looked up at that dreadful door that nobody interesting ever came in by. And there you were. Oh, Mr. Roley, perhaps it's a wicked thing to say when there are so many other girls He doesn't seem to mind about; but just the same, God did send you, Mr. Roley! Yes, He did. And now I love to owe things to people as good as both of you. I love you to give me my winter coat."

"I guess I'll get it," Roley said, rose, and departed.

THE halls reminded him that he had not seen Wilkins and that it was almost time for rehearsal. Returning with the coat over his arm, he wished that he had asked Enid to write Phyllis a note with it; that would have looked better. He was full of precautions, was poor Roley; his chronic boyishness had a lifelong struggle with them.

His door opened, and Bowling came out and went past Roley, blindly thunderous and silent. "Well, what was he after?" Roley wondered. And when he had knocked and entered, Phyllis turned to him the face he had left so tranquil and so radiant.

It was white as a sheet and yet dark with rage and



The Leading Man

(Continued from page 19)

with the shame and struggle that seemed tearing it to pieces. She was trembling as if with the fiercest of chills, and the panic of her breast shuddered in the broken breath which answered Roley's "Good God, my dear, what is it?" with "I'm going home!"

"Home? Are you crazy? Has Bowling been nagging you? He's off his head—he's nagging me—and everybody—he—" "No. He didn't. He—he kissed me."

OF course, she couldn't go home. In the miserable quarter of an hour which Roley passed pretending to himself and her that Bowling hadn't really meant anything, she agreed with him, soon enough, that she must keep her part. That was the thing to be done at all hazards.

If she lost it now no agent or manager would ever believe her story—it was such an old story!—they would think she had proved incompetent. To lose this engagement was to lose how many more?

And since she meant to remain, of course she mustn't make an enemy of Bowling. "I dare say he didn't realize—he couldn't have really meant anything—" Roley was talking to that impractical sensitiveness of his which was asking him how he was going to eat and drink and plan and hope with Bowling. "Just keep away from him and act as if nothing had happened. And I'll speak to him, Judy, so that he'll behave himself."

Not wishing the manager to know that Phyllis had confided in him, he said to Bowling that night: "None of the boys in this company mean any harm. But they are used, sometimes, to girls who take things pretty easy, and I don't want any of them to make any mistake about little Phyllis Derry. It's her first year by herself and she grew up around the house with my own kids—if I hear of 'em getting fresh with her, there'll be trouble."

"I wouldn't worry about her any if I were you," Bowling replied. "She can take care of herself all right." Roley, remembering the set of the girl's chin and the unbroken fury of her little face, allowed himself a smile. He said to himself: "I hope she hit him."

But he didn't do much smiling, poor Roley. His mind began to be pretty thoroughly occupied by the failure of "The Milestone." Continual councils were held about this. They had tinkered at the piece ever since it went into rehearsal; and the more they tinkered the more they lost faith in it. But as soon as the opening inevitably leaked out, the company ceased to sag about, yawning, at fruitless interminable rehearsals, like hopeless somnambulists of a broken dream, and began to take—not, perhaps, hope, but interest. A thin fever of loyalty and ambition began to quicken flaccid nerves. Old favorites of the management were even consulted as to suggestions for improving the play. The one person who was never consulted was Willins.

THE guilty author, despised and rejected, struggled docilely to incorporate all the suggestions of everybody. He was so diligent at this that when he faded from the company, to attend the funeral of an aunt, he was almost missed. And still, at Clay Sink and Canalbury, Rockport and Stony Field, "The Milestone" continued to arouse no enthusiasm from the scattered factory hands and mill girls that were all its weak little cry seemed able to call together. And Bowling said to Roley: "I can't understand it. I was crazy about this piece in the beginning. Except it was kind of amateurish and needed overhauling, it hit me right between the eyes. And yet, after we've worked over it and worked over it, and there's hardly a line that hasn't been changed, it don't strike me even as good as it did to start with!"

There were moments when Roley wondered if his own value had suffered the same depreciation.

A week passed; Willins returned from the funeral, looking fainter and more breathless than ever, and Roley hoped more for his own success than the success of the play. An unsuspected circumstance added fuel to this desire. To some slight jibe of his about the partiality of women for such men as Julian Derry, Enid had replied with a long, clever letter—too clever for Roley—in which she said: "Of course women were in love with him! All that a woman ever asks of a man is that he shouldn't be a sheep!" Roley had no clear idea of what it was in this statement which bewildered him and stung him. But it did seem to bring before him his wife's fair.

strained, eager little face, and the restive restlessness of her pretty eyes, searching for a hero and not finding one. At such moments the thought of a prodigious personal triumph stirred in him with a poignant sweetness.

On the Monday before the New York opening Roley sat out in front, watching, amid these various clouds, the sailing of one clear and steady light that shone in beauty and delicate hope. As Phyllis finished a scene, a young fellow sitting in front of Roley rose with an excited laugh and the murmur which made Roley say: "I didn't catch that."

"Oh, it's only a quotation:

"Flower of the medlar,
Crimson of the quince,
I found her at the blossom time,
And loved her ever since."

I was just prophesying for the New York public."

"Yes. You think she'll catch on?" "Ha-ha!" said the young man, and departed to take up his cue.

The next morning Roley received a telegram from Enid. "Judy wires her mother 'Expect me Thursday.' What does this mean?"

WHAT indeed? After rehearsal he detained Phyllis on the stage. Bowling called out to him: "Will you look me up when you get back to the hotel, Roley?" He shouted: "All right." Even then he was holding out the telegram to Phyllis.

She told him, in that strained voice he had noticed all the morning: "Well, I guess that's what he wants to see you about. I guess they're going to lie off the rest of the week to rehearse." She looked at him wearily.

"And how do you know?"

In her turn she produced a piece of paper and handed it to him. He read: "On Thursday, December 5, the preliminary road season of 'The Milestone' will close and your services will no longer be required—"

"It's just my notice," she said, as if to reassure the star. "I got it last night."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why, you can't do anything, can you, Mr. Roley? And"—her pale lips shook—"Aunt Teddy isn't here."

His modesty, equally with his pride, his whole sense of masculine integrity, was stung to the quick. He touched the sheet of paper. "What occasioned this, Phyllis?"

Her eyes dropped. "You know."

Yes, he knew. But now he wanted to be very sure. He had come so near to believing that Bowling, after all, hadn't really meant anything. But—intention—persistence—a thousand little needs began pricking in his skin. You were always hearing of this kind of thing, of course. But it was far away and vague. This—this was little Phyllis Derry—a girl he knew—Margaret's daughter—this—why, this was—Judy!

"He's spoken to you since—"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said—" her eyes filled; they wandered in search of escape and fell again. "He said he'd give me—another chance."

She looked up. The deep color was mounting from Roley's body to his face; his throat, his forehead, the roots of his hair were dusky with it, as if he had been struck outrageously in the depths of his blood. And suddenly she, too, flushed and caught his arm. "Oh, Mr. Roley," she cried out, "can't I keep the part? Can't I? What'll become of me? Can you help me? Can you? Oh, Mr. Roley, what'll I do?"

"You'll keep it all right," he said. He detached himself, gently but without looking at her, from her grasp, and went out of the theatre, making for the hotel.

ROLEY came in upon Bowling and Willins as they sat at Bowling's table with the inevitable manuscript between them. Ignoring Willins altogether, he said: "What's this about Miss Derry's leaving?"

"Oh," said Bowling, easily, "I was just asking Willins to speak to you about it. Hated to myself, Roley, 'cause I know she's such a friend of yours. Nice little girl, but inexperienced. Have to get somebody else for New York."

"No," said Roley.

"Now, old man, don't get huffy. I've engaged Mabel Rose at two hundred a week. You can't complain of that. She's had the part ever since her own show closed, so she's up in her lines and she's been on to see the piece twice. She'll rehearse with us on Friday, and you'll see the change won't give you a bit of trouble." As Roley continued silent, he added: "I

ought to have consulted you, I know, but I thought you'd be glad to know nothing about it. Thought I was sparing your feelings as a matter of fact."

"Faugh!" Roley ejaculated. His face was still dark red; and it began to be borne in upon his audience that something was wrong. Bowling's own color rose and his voice with it. "Say, that isn't a very pleasant kind of an answer! You don't mean to say you're going to make a row about a matter of business?"

"Yes, I am. Miss Derry has got to open in this part in New York. You can get rid of Mabel Rose any way you please. And, look here, Bowling, while we're about it, except in the way of business, don't see me and I won't see you. You turn my stomach."

BOWLING leaped to his feet. "Who the devil do you think you're talking to? And what do you mean?"

"Do you want me to tell you?"

The two men looked at each other. Roley's face was thrust a little forward as if to tempt Bowling to slap it. But Bowling said instead: "You fool! Who made this your business, anyway?"

"You did. Did you think I'd stand for it?"

"Oh, ho!" said Bowling, "I didn't know I was interfering in your game!"

For an instant poor little Willins was excessively alarmed. Then the clouds broke and lifted from Roley's face, and he burst into a tremendous laugh. "Oh, you're too rotten to touch! Here, get down to it. Miss Derry plays."

"She does not."

"Just understand then. Either Miss Derry opens in New York in this piece or it doesn't open."

"You'll refuse to play it, I suppose you mean?"

"I'll refuse."

He had said it. Roley! Roley! Roley the reasonable, the placable; Roley, who had walked in the steps of precedent with his eye upon his bank account; Roley the cautious; Roley the rising star, who stood, now, to set before he had really risen! He had thrown upon the board the Southern winters for his wife's health; the motor for his commuting; the luxuries and accomplishments, the very futures of his children; his position; his reputation; his last chance! Also that vision of heroic triumph under Enid's restless eyes! And all for the sake of something hot and violent pounding in his blood, something connected with vague, enormous things—called, for instance, honor, tenderness, manhood—whose names he never took upon his lips.

Bowling stood, open-eyed, bursting, as much with amazement as rage. He broke out in a yelling snarl:

"Are you crazy? Are you out of your head? You think you've got a finger in the management because I've stuck your name up in big letters—I've let you have too much to say all along. But, let me tell you, I pay you, the same as I pay the rest of the company. You haven't got a dollar in it. All you've got anything to do with is to play your part. And, by God, you shall play it!"

Roley started for the door, followed by swift expostulations, bits of entreaties, reasons. Roley opened the door and Bowling jumped and slammed it shut. He stood in front of it, almost in tears but not in the least yielding nor intimidated. He said: "You think it's so near the opening that you've got me. You know your name's in my contract with the Goldmans; you know they won't stand for having their theatre left dark. I'm the responsible person, and if I don't show up there, with you in this piece, it's me, and not you, they'll be after. And that's so for the time being. But wait! What do they care about you? What do they care about actors? It's me they'll side with in the end, because they'll know what I was up against. And it'll be you they'll think of as the man that closed their theatre and left 'em without a show! And how will they feel about that when you come to 'em next month for a job? And where'll you be then?"

HE detected Roley's eye trying, as it were, to pick out the knob from behind his back. Putting his hands behind him, he took hold of it himself.

"For you know the piece won't last two weeks. Two weeks! If it wasn't for my pocketbook it wouldn't last a night! If you only knew it, you're doing me a favor to shut it up. You're saving me two weeks' expenses. And I've lost enough cold cash on it already! Great heavens, if I could get anybody to pay me just what I've sunk in it, I'd hand him over my contract without a penny for my time and

trouble! I'd thank the Lord to be rid of it! But nobody'll have it for a gift!"

His wildly rising voice was not so much interrupted as fluttered across by the thin little tones of the overlooked Willins. "Mr. Bowling, let me say—"

"No—for all your blamed independence, Bingham—you wouldn't buy me out? You wouldn't sink a dollar as I've done?" His faint expectation of being taken up died hard in him. He sneered. "Dare say you haven't got it to sink!"

"Gentlemen!" Willins entreated.

Bowling had scored a point. The mere fact of not having money is so shameful that Roley ought to have been stricken to the earth by it. And he knew that Bowling was right about the Goldmans.

And Bowling followed his advantage.

"Look here, Bingham, don't be a fool. You don't want to throw yourself out. And I don't want the Goldmans suing me. After what you said a while ago, and engaging Miss Rose—then there's discipline, by George, and self-respect. No, I can't keep that little Derry girl! I stick to that. But I'll meet you halfway. What I said to the kid—I didn't mean anything by it." He had talked himself into such a sense of injury that he almost believed this, and from Roley's extraordinary and protracted silence he began to think that the issue was his, and the bluff called. So that almost with friendliness he continued: "But I'll give her two weeks' salary if you say so—it's as much as she'd make on the rest of the engagement—instead of notice. And the next show I take out, got a smaller part in it, I'll look out for her—upon my soul I will. There! Come on, Bingham, be reasonable. Own you're in the wrong. You! Why, you won't even buy me out, while I—"

At about this time Roley's mouth opened, largely, violently, and from this expanding feature his voice ripped forth as the sound of thunder, when the lightning strikes, rips open the sultriness of a summer storm. And what he said to Bowling was simply: "You-go-to-h—!"

WITH this he furiously reached out his hand and, grabbing Bowling—not gently by the shoulder, but by the mouth and jaw, as though cramming back, through those features, with his great palm, the objectionable utterance—he neither more nor less than fired him across the room; mercifully, accidentally, not breaking his neck.

And leaving Bowling to grasp the masterpiece, against which he had brought up, Roley was actually across the threshold when the voice of little Willins fluttered out to him upon a new arrestive note.

"Mr. Bingham! Gentlemen! Mr. Bowling! I—if you please—I wish to buy out! My poor aunt—" he paused; his eyes filled and watered forth upon his sandy lashes. Controlling himself, he tinkled forth: "I've got some money myself now, Mr. Bowling. I've made out a rough note of transfer here, and we can get in a couple of witnesses. That'll do for the present." The little creature, a cunning tempter, drew forth a checkbook and slightly moistened his lips. "How much?"

Bowling looked at Roley and measured him. Even in his business heart there trembled the desire to refuse. But the other desire—the desire to overreach, to get more than what was coming to him—forced him, by the tide of his whole nature, along the road of least resistance. After an instant he named a round sum.

What were round sums to little Willins? His hand moved in delicate flourishes across the check. "We'll have to rehearse the original version," he said to Roley. He looked up at the two big, rather breathless creatures with a small, a delicate smile. "If it only runs two weeks in New York," said he, "it's going to run the way I want it to."

AND, of course, it ran for over a year. Then it had two years on the road. In the last of these the name of Phyllis Derry was boldly "featured"; and, after that, in her new play, she was brought back as a full-fledged star to the waiting Broadway that had found her at the blossom time and loved her ever since. By this time three successive managers had launched Mr. Roland Bingham in as many failures. There continued an unexplained something about him which doomed him, always, to his own level. It was admitted, finally, that he was the real thing as a crack leading man, and he would never be anything else.

On the night of the supper party given Miss Derry to celebrate her hundredth performance as a star, she sent Enid Bingham to collect Roley after the theatre in the Derry motor. Nobody but Mr. Roley should sit at her right hand. It was (Concluded on page 24)

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR

"The Varnish That Won't Turn White"

\$1000.00 Reward

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VALSPAR is the only varnish that *won't turn white in water*. Do you realize the vital significance of this fact to you?

In the varnish world it is a revolution.

The fact that Valspar is the only varnish that won't turn white means that it is the only one that is *really waterproof*—the only one whose sheen, hardness and durability are absolutely unaffected by the severest test known.

We are so confident that Valspar *won't turn white* in water that we will forfeit \$1,000 to anyone who can prove to the contrary. And there are no strings to this offer.

A Unique Product

The old theory of varnishes was a different one for every purpose. For instance, no one could make an elastic, durable varnish that would dry quickly. Nor could they make a quick drying varnish that would not crack or chip. And as for making a *waterproof varnish* that was considered absolutely impossible.

Valspar has changed all this. It has revolutionized the varnish industry. It was a painstaking and expensive discovery backed by 80 years of experience and covering five years of careful laboratory work and thousands of experiments.

The result is the most unique product in the varnish world.

Valspar was first used as a marine varnish and in two years became standard, practically driving its competitors from the field, because its superiority and economy were so apparent.

Free Sample

WE would like to send every reader of Collier's a free sample of Valspar, with a metal testing panel, so that you can demonstrate to your own satisfaction that the statements made in this advertisement are true.

Remember, we are not sending you a brilliantly polished panel, but a *real sample*, namely, a 2-ounce can, enough for a small table. You want a real test. So do we.

If we could place a sample of Valspar in the hands of everyone interested in varnish, no further advertising would be necessary.

Write today for this 2-ounce sample.

Unequalled for Household Use

The same unique qualities that make it the most satisfactory outside varnish are available for inside use because *Valspar dries with great rapidity and is hard over night*.

For floors, bathrooms, kitchens, refrigerators, tables, furniture, pianos, etc., Valspar guarantees at least double the service of any other varnishes made for such use.

It will stand the hardest kind of wear and washing, and from every test will stand forth beautiful, brilliant, and unmarred.

Valspar costs more than ordinary varnishes, but *revarnishing costs more than Valspar*.

About Valentine & Company

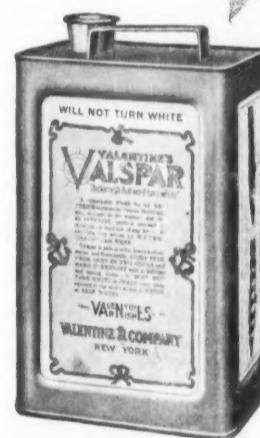
The House of Valentine is over 80 years old. We are the largest manufacturers of high-grade varnishes in the world. Eighty per cent of all the automobiles exhibited in the automobile shows held throughout the country have been varnished with Valentine's products. The greatest American and European railroad systems use Valentine's Varnishes.

Prominent office buildings, such as the Hudson Terminal in New York—the largest group of public service buildings in the world—are varnished with Valspar. Valentine's Varnishes have been used on most of the coaches and automobiles of the Royal Families in Europe.

"Valentine," the world over, stands for the best in varnish.

Our Broad Guarantee

We authorize every dealer to guarantee that on inside work Valspar will give at least twice the service of any other varnish made for that purpose, and that on outside work it will outlast any other varnish and *it won't turn white*. If directions are followed and this doesn't prove true, we will cheerfully refund your money. Considering this broad guarantee, you take no chances when you buy Valspar. You buy a certainty.



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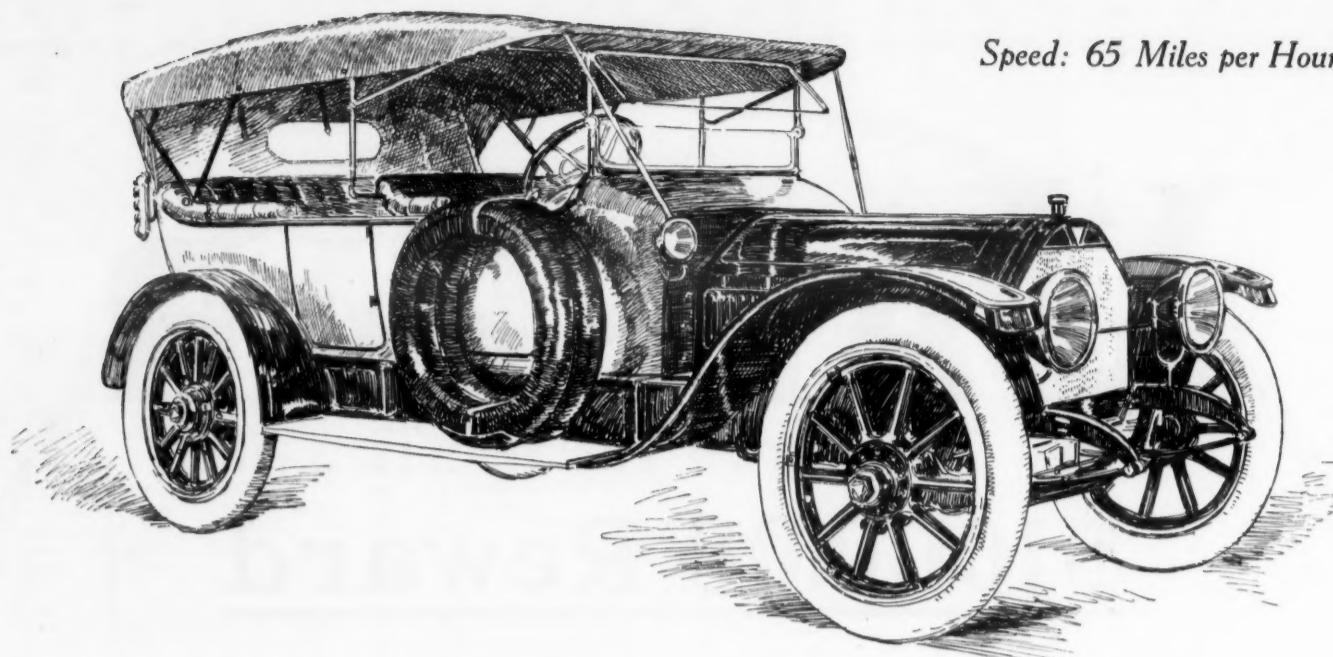
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Here is the Answer to that oft asked question: "What will Howard E. Coffin do when he builds a 'Six?'"

The "54" HUDSON is Mr. Coffin's reply to the most frequently asked question heard since the beginning of six cylinder talk.

Experts who have driven the "54" through mountains, over long tours, in both winter and summer, and who have observed its ideal smoothness and flexibility, claim it to have no superior in any automobile, regardless of make or cost.

The surprise to all motordom is that Mr. Coffin developed the "54" HUDSON along entirely different lines from those he had followed in designing his four-cylinder cars.

He is too shrewd a designer to attempt such a departure unaided. Before starting his "Six" he built up his Board of 48 Expert Engineers. Then they all worked together for two years—until every man agreed that this was the best he knew.

Came From Everywhere

Gathered from everywhere, possessing the training and experience acquired in 97 factories, some of them in Europe, these men have helped to build more than 200,000 automobiles.

Mr. Coffin wanted his six-cylinder to be a wonderful car. He knows, as well as anyone knows, the limit of any one man's ability. He knows there is much in six-cylinder cars that four-cylinder experience has not taught. So he went after the men who had done the most as six-cylinder designers.

Where One Man Cars Fall Short

No man need be told that Howard E. Coffin leads all in building four-cylinder cars. No other designer has built as many successful automobiles. But the mastery of cars of the four-cylinder type is no indication that the man is master of the six.

Many a designer has learned that to his sorrow. Six-cylinder cars have wrecked splendid reputations built up by years of four-cylinder accomplishment.

Adding Two Cylinders Won't Make a Good Six

Very few designers have been able to get in excess of 30 per cent increased power from their six-cylinder motors of the same bore and stroke as used in their "four." Although they have added 50 per cent to the piston displacement, have practically doubled the gasoline and oil consumption, have increased the weight and have made the car more costly to operate, many sixes have failed entirely to develop that flexible smoothness for which sixes are really built.

Thus is shown the shortcomings of the one man idea of designing. When one man dominates in the designing of an automobile, it expresses his ability and his limitations. Every man is over-developed in one way or another. Every man is good at one thing and not so good at other things. No man is perfectly balanced and no machine designed by any one man can be more rounded toward perfection than can be the ability and experience of the man who designed it.

This Not a One Man Nor a One Idea Car

But with 48 men, all concentrating on one car, not much is apt to be overlooked. No one man dominates. Each individual is a specialist in some branch of the work at which no one of his associates is quite his equal.

Consequently the "54" HUDSON is thoroughly proportioned.

It is not merely a "Six" which is made so by the addition of two cylinders to a good four-cylinder car.

It has power. But its power is not abnormal in proportion to its other parts. It has beauty. But no detail of its mechanical design is overlooked.

It is completely equipped. Every detail that adds to comfort and luxury is included, but this is not done with the idea of attracting sales or through skimping in any other direction.

Each Supreme at His Work

Each expert is supreme in the work at which he leads. A badly proportioned car would be impossible under such methods of designing. Imagine the completeness of a car designed under such conditions. There are specialists among these 48 men, some of whom know nothing of motor designing. Their forte is in other directions. They have been gathered from everywhere.

The one-man car, no matter who built it—even though it were Howard E. Coffin himself—cannot be its equal, for no one man can ever possess the skill and experience these men combined possess.

But just as trained soldiers under proper generalship become a fighting machine of greater efficiency than are those same men without direction, so Howard E. Coffin by his inspiration and guidance brought out of his 47 associates work of which they are incapable under other conditions.

All that years of experience has taught in all the leading factories in all types of motor car construction, is represented by these 48 men.

This you can recognize when you examine the car even though you know nothing of automobile designing. You can sense the distinction, for it is expressed in every line, in the ease of the seats, in the purr of the motor, in its instant and powerful responsiveness, in the smoothness of its riding.

It gives an entirely different sensation from that experienced in other cars. Nothing short of an actual demonstration is sufficient to convey an impression of the smooth, gliding sensation of comfort and safety you feel in riding in the "54" HUDSON.

Electric Self-Cranking—Electrically Lighted

The "54" HUDSON—a "SIX"

Offered as the Master of any Automobile regardless of Price, Make or Power, in Beauty, Completeness, Easy Riding Quality, Safety, Responsiveness, Simplicity and Sturdiness.

This is the strongest statement we have ever made. Our own reputation and that of each of our forty-eight engineers is pledged on its correctness.

Comfort

Modern automobile designing is tending toward comfort and convenience. The time was when people were willing to put up with a great deal of inconvenience in their automobiling. They realized that a 150 mile drive in a day was fatiguing. Unless he was particularly robust, the driver hardly felt like covering a similar distance the next day. His passengers usually were tired and cross at the end of the day's journey.

But in the HUDSON every known development looking toward easy riding qualities is incorporated.

The upholstering is 12 inches deep—Turkish type. You sink down into it and lounge restfully in its softness as you rest in a favorite chair. The springs are flexible, bodies rigid and well proportioned. There is roominess in the tonneau and in front.

The entire construction is the simplest yet used on motor cars. The car is so substantially built that mechanical cares are practically eliminated.

Completeness

The regular equipment includes an electric self-starter which, by the touching of a button and the pressure of a pedal starts the motor 100 times out of 100 trials. It is 100 per cent sure.

Electric lights are operated from a generator, also a part of the self-cranking arrangement. They project a brilliant light for a much greater distance than gas, and are controlled from the driver's seat.

The windshield has a rain vision arrangement which permits driving in a blinding rain with clear vision for the driver and with full protection to the occupants of the front seat. The windshield is made integral with the body.

The very appearance and feel of the "54" express its quality. A gauge indicates the flow of oil through the crank case. The oil itself is not seen. A hand records that proper lubrication is being given to all parts, and another gauge indicates the supply of gasoline. There is a speedometer and clock. All these are illuminated. The condition of the car and its supplies, both day and night, are at the immediate observation of the driver.

Demountable rims and big tires—36" x 4½"—minimize all tire cares. Tire holder, tools and every item of convenience are also included.

Getaway—Speed—Power

From a standing start, the "54" HUDSON will attain in 30 seconds a speed of 58 miles an hour. That indicates its getaway. What other car do you know will do as well?

On the Speedway at Indianapolis, a stock car, fully equipped, having two extra tires and hauling four passengers, top down and glass windshield folded, traveled ten miles at the rate of 62½ miles an hour. This is marvelous when you consider that only twelve months ago a \$500 prize was offered to the stock touring car similarly equipped that would do one mile in one minute flying start on that track. Several well-known cars attempted the test but failed to make good. Well-known racing drivers pronounce the 54 HUDSON the fastest stock touring car built. It was not planned as a speed car, but as an ideal automobile for every requirement. It will go as slowly as 2½ miles an hour on high and fire evenly on all six cylinders. It will jump to 58 miles an hour within 30 seconds from a standing point. There is more speed in the "54" HUDSON than any driver, except an expert, traveling over a protected and absolutely cleared course, should ever demand of it.

The Chassis is Simple

There are but two grease cups on the motor. Other lubricating points throughout the chassis are just as accessible. They require comparatively little attention.

Consider the importance of choosing a car complete in every detail. In your selection of an automobile it is important that not one item of its design and construction has been overlooked.

It is equally apparent that no one man is so infallible that he is not apt to make mistakes. The safeguard against error is in having many experts design the car. What one overlooks or is unable to accomplish, an associate corrects or is able to do. These 48 men, each a specialist in his line, have put into the car all that they have learned elsewhere. Can you imagine their leaving anything undone in a car they combined in building?

And can you think it possible that any one is likely to soon produce anything that these men have not already anticipated and that is not already on the "54" HUDSON?

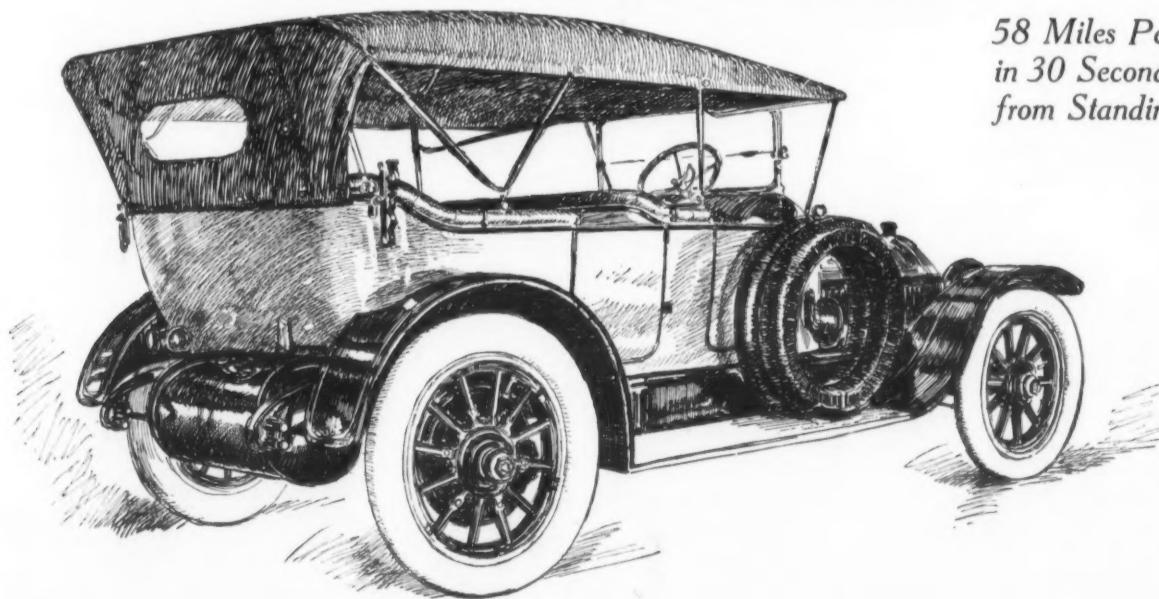
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Horn. Bulb type. Concealed tubing.

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Top. Genuine mohair. Graceful lines. Well fitted. Storm curtains. Dust envelope.

Bodies. Note illustrations. Deep, low, wide and comfortable. You sit in the car—not on it. High backs. Graceful lines. All finished according to best coach painting practices. 21 coats—varnish and color. Nickel trimmings throughout.

Gasoline Tank. Gasoline is carried in tank at rear of car. Simple, effective, with two pound pump pressure. Keeps constant supply in carburetor either going up or down hill. Magnetic gasoline gauge continually indicates gasoline level.

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Bearings. All roller bearings, thoroughly tested. Latest type.

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Rear Axle. Pressed steel. Full adjustable, full floating. Large bearings. Heat treated nickel steel shafts. Easily disassembled, an item which indicates the simplicity and get-at-ability of the entire car.

Simplicity. The HUDSON standard of simplicity is maintained. Every detail is accessible. There is no unnecessary weight. All oiling places are convenient. Every unit is so designed that it can be quickly and easily disassembled. Think what an advance this is over even the previous HUDSON—the "33"—the "Car with 1000 less parts."

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24

The Leading Man

(Concluded from page 20)

hot in his dressing room and he had got rather fussed with his tie. Enid tied it for him, and then, unexpectedly propping her elbows on his fitly laundered bosom, she looked up at him with the tender violence of excited girlishness which her daughter was beginning to smile at in her, and said: "Dear, everything's all right! There are lots of stars. And, anyhow, all that matters is, while you were a star you behaved like a star and not a sheep."

He was startled into a blush. His wife's unpredictable standards of triumph came to him with a sweetness that sprang up in his wet eyes, and he hid these for an instant in the fair, fine crinkle of her eager-looking hair. Then he said: "And you know, anyhow, honey, it's brought my salary up to five hundred!"

Nobs

(Concluded from page 17)

"We don't want the devil in you! Haven't I told you you're an invalid? Come!" The Marquis backed and shook his head.

"I can't do it under ten, sorr, me being dhray besides!"

A magnanimous smile overspread Lord Montague's benignant countenance.

"At the risk of leaving practically no profit for myself," he said, "I'll give you ten quid, two bottles of whisky, and that suit to keep!"

"God bless you, sorr!" murmured the Marquis. "I knew you were a gentleman."

THEY found Mr. Chestlenutt, accompanied by a matronly lady rustling in silk, and a vivacious vision of two and twenty in pale green and black, already inspecting the pheasants. At the sight of the distinguished party emerging from the house, a kind of awed hush fell upon the ladies. Their eyes drank in the tottering Marquis, and a murmur of satisfaction was distinctly audible.

"It's all right," whispered Monty over the head of the trembling peer, "they know nothing yet!"

He advanced and bowed.

"What a dear he looks!" cried Miss Chestlenutt in a thrilled whisper.

Lord Montague smiled benevolently.

"I trust," he said, "that our group will satisfy you. It will consist of the amiable and respected Marquis, yourselves, my cousin, the Honorable Algernon Amer sham, and myself. There is the shooting stick; the pheasants you may count if you like; and I specially beg to call to your notice the historic-looking façade in the background."

"We are satisfied, Lord Montague," pronounced Mrs. Chestlenutt.

"Then," said the millionaire, "let's get it over."

Lord Reading's conduct on this memorable and unique occasion raised him still higher in his fair admirer's opinion. Though evidently more ill than she had imagined (since he shook visibly and rather panted through his aristocratic nostrils than breathed like ordinary mortals), his profound obeisance was quite in the manner of the old patrician school, and she felt sure that but for the stringency of his doctor's orders he would have said some very gallant and pretty things. The only drawback was that the historic event was so quickly over. Click! went the camera; the Marquis rose instantly, bowed hurriedly, and departed at a half run on the Honorable Algernon's arm; a check changed hands, and then they were bowling back to the hotel.

"Well!" sighed the heiress with the profoundest satisfaction. "I never did think I'd be as lucky as this!"

It was about five minutes after their return that Mrs. Chestlenutt rushed into her husband's room, holding at arm's length an early edition of the "Evening Standard."

"Abe!" she shrieked. "Look! See what it says! Lord Reading died at nine o'clock this morning!"

IT was in that crisis that Abe Q. Chestlenut proved that the possession of millions does not imply the lack of philosophy.

"Well," said he, "I guess there needn't be any date to that photo when it comes out in the 'Domville City Weekly Budget.'"

It is interesting to learn that he guessed right.

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Apply Milkweed Cream gently—without rubbing—twice a day. It gives your skin power to resist flabbiness, and the lines of time. It protects against rough winds, redness, freckles and sunburn. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00.

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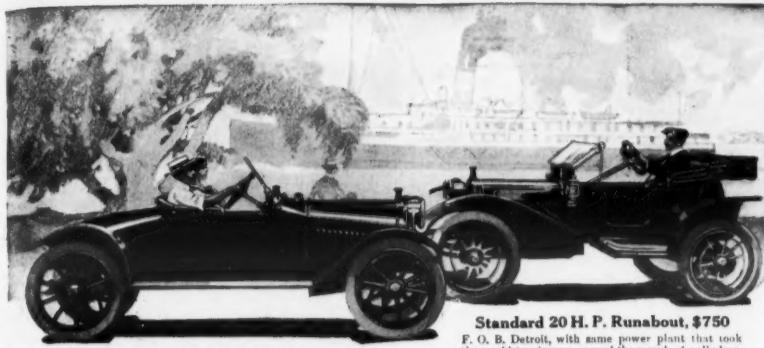
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Long-Stroke "32" Roadster, \$900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; center control; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3½-inch bore and 5½-inch stroke. Bosch magneto. 106-inch wheelbase; 32x3½-inch tires. Color, Standard Hupmobile Blue. **Touring Car, \$900.**

Standard 20 H. P. Runabout, \$750
F. O. B. Detroit, with same equipment that took the world-speeding car around the world—sliders, 90 H. P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto. Equipped with top windshield, gas lamps, and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Runabout, 110-inch wheelbase, \$850.

Hupmobile

\$750 — \$900

The man, the machine and the material—this new plant gets the best out of each

The same machinery that is used in the fine new Hupmobile plant is also used in those plants producing cars of the highest prices.

The skilled mechanics engaged in the construction of the Hupmobile are paid the same high rate prevailing in plants producing the costliest cars.

The splendid shop organization has been developed to the same high state of efficiency and held practically intact from the inception of the company—under the engineering leadership of E. A. Nelson, the man who has been responsible for the success of every previous model.

The materials which enter into every essential Hupmobile operation are precisely as fine—precisely the same, in fact—as those used in cars of the largest and most expensive build.

Differences in size and differences in excess luxury, of course;—differences in engineering ideals, in scrupulous workmanship, in trustworthy materials—emphatically no.

We believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.



Hupp Motor Car Company, 1230 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit
Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ontario



E. J.
Thompson
Co.,
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The Choice of First-Class Architects

Special Note

THE better the building, the more certain that it will have a Barrett Specification Roof, because first-class buildings are the work of first-class architects and engineers and they know the relative values of the different types of roofing.

They know that a Barrett Specification Roof consists of five layers of Specification Felt cemented together with continuous layers of Specification Pitch, with a top surface of slag or gravel. It is built on the roof without the narrow joints or laps like tin or ready roofs.

They know that a Barrett Specification Roof is a substantial, fire-resistant roof, accepted at base rates by insurance underwriters.

They know further that its cost is less than that of any other permanent roofing and that its maintenance cost is nothing, making a net cost per foot per year of service, of about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cent.

The Pittsburgh garage illustrated herewith is an excellent example of modern, fireproof concrete construction. Such buildings as this one are almost invariably covered with Barrett Specification Roofs.

A copy of the Barrett Specification will be sent, on request, to any architect, engineer or property owner. It formulates a precise and practical way of laying these roofs to secure the best results at the least expense. Address our nearest office.

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The PATERSON MFG. CO. Ltd. Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Halifax, N.S.

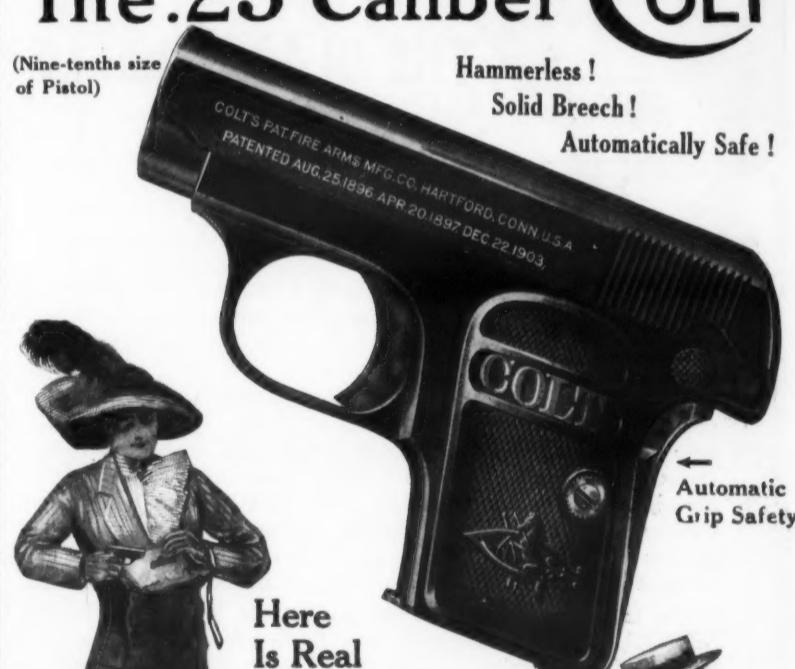


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Solid Breech !

Automatically Safe !



Here Is Real Protection!

This compact little COLT "Six-Shooter" is only 4½ inches long, weighs but 13 ounces, yet has the speed, accuracy and hard-hitting qualities that give confidence in an emergency.

Shoots metal-jacketed bullets as fast as the trigger is pulled; ejects the empty shells and reloads automatically for each shot.

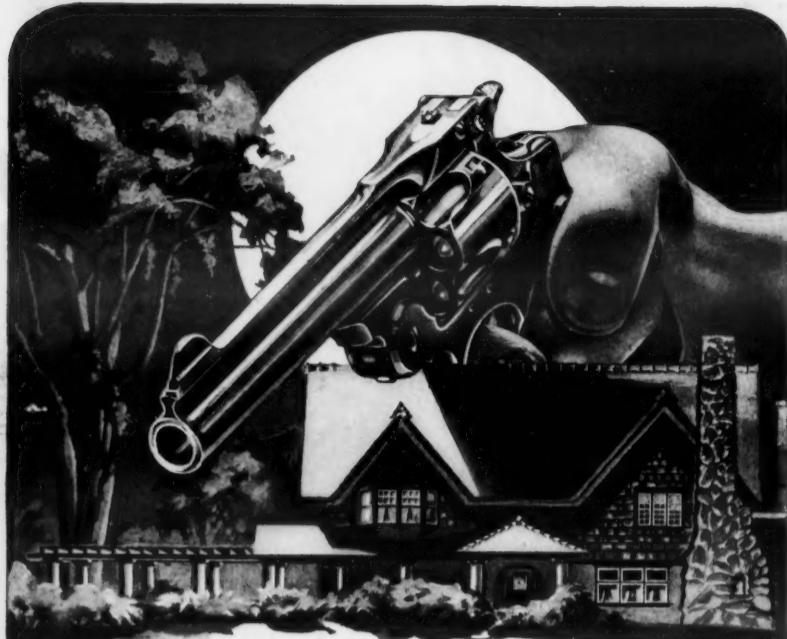
Combined with these features is ABSOLUTE SAFETY FROM ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE—the Grip Safety automatically locks the action until the trigger is purposely pulled—no worry on your part.

"You Can't Forget to Make it Safe!"

SEE THIS PISTOL AT YOUR DEALER'S.
Write for free Catalog No. 14, descriptive
of all COLTS in calibers .22 to .45.

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Here's a smokeless load of common sense about uniformity and driving power.

Our Non-Mercuric Primer contains neither ground glass nor mercury fulminate. Mercury is very heavy and glass very light. When these materials are mixed, the mercury sinks to the bottom, leaving the glass on top. Think of the difficulty of getting uniform primers from such a mixture.

Again, sure, hard shooting is impossible without quick and complete explosion of the main charge. This requires a hot, large flame from the primer. Glass absorbs 20% of the heat of explosion, thus cooling the flame. The materials used in our primer actually increase heat. Therefore, THE BLACK SHELLS are always uniform, quick, and of maximum driving power. You have to take a very slight "lead" at the bird or target, with no time-allocation between the pulling of the trigger and the discharge.

As to a large flame from the primer: In THE BLACK SHELLS, the Flash Passage (the hole in the head through which the flame from the primer reaches the charge) is 100% larger than usual. Practically all of the flame from the primer rushes into the main charge, practically none of it recoils uselessly and wasted.

Send for our book on the other modernisms in THE BLACK SHELLS—unequalled waterproofing, the hard, smooth crimping and our one-piece brass head.

United States Cartridge Co.
Dept. 9 Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.



The Olympic Games

(Concluded from page 10)

fourth attraction. The manner in which the crowds followed these various events illustrates the futility of declaring any nation point winner in these Olympic games. The Swedes were almost as vitally interested in the gymnastics as in the running. To us, Swedish gymnastics, pretty as the evolutions may be, are not sport; we know them mainly as a torment of school days. When Craig won the hundred meters, the stands rose. As the cheering died away, we were aware that another section had taken it up. Down in the wrestling corner the Hungarians, paying no attention to our inconsequential victory at running, were applauding a good fall.

THE MARATHON

ON Saturday night, in the arena, four thousand men, singers from all provinces of Sweden, came with float and band and uniform to sing the full-mouthed hymns of the north before their King. Outside, the crowds grew with every train and caravan. For on Sunday came the Marathon, memorial to an unnamed Greek boy who died at the finish post because he loved Hellas.

It had been hot in Stockholm—hence the new records. This day came like August in New York. To a baking heat was added great humidity. They might very well have run this race in the cool of the evening, since it would have been light enough for a finish at half past ten. The Swedes, I hear, suggested this, and certain other nations refused, fearing lest these conditions should favor native talent. We saw them start from the Stadium; and we waited their return, lulling our impatience by watching the hammer throwing, the heats of the long relay race, the events of the decathlon, and the interminable wrestling. The applause was more slack than ever before; our real interest lay five, ten, twelve miles away, where sixty men, dwindling down to twenty, struggled along between the King's regiments and the population of all eastern Sweden. Already, could we but know, Lazaro had dropped dying: yet although we ourselves fumed and fanned with the heat, imagination did not rise to that. Three times the herald announced in Swedish and English the names of the six leaders. Kolehmainen was ahead the first time, and the second. The two South Africans were always among the six; and not an American had shown as yet on the forward line. A third announcement, and all the greater nations with hopes of this Marathon yelled together. Kolehmainen had lost his lead on the way home—the favorite was beaten!

Thousands of watches, timed at the start, showed that the men had been gone two hours and a half. In ten minutes, at the most, we should know. The noise in the Stadium lost all semblance of organization; it became a confused roar with heavy masculine undertones and shrill, feminine overtones. Two hours and thirty-three minutes—the herald took the platform and pointed his megaphone toward the royal box. The stands before him "sh-sh'd" themselves into silence. But the rest kept up the clamor; we knew that he was speaking only by the motion of his head. Officials and committeemen ran down the track, waving their hands for silence. They almost got it—when a bugle at the main entrance blew "attention." The very officials put down their hands and raced toward the gate; the Boy Scouts forgot that they were young soldiers and dropped the water pails to follow. Thirty thousand people craned forward. And out of the flurry by the gate there weaved and wobbled—a green running suit—South Africa!

THE FIRST MAN HOME

HE seemed, at the distance of three hundred yards, like a very old man who had put on trunks and tried to run. His step was not two feet long, and every swing of his drooping shoulders expressed pain. Thirty thousand people yelling and groaning, each for himself, over this little green speck of a man weaving along in pain—Rome howling over the gladiators—so it seemed as the South African, McArthur, came down the stretch. Still he ran on, and none had come through the gate to challenge him. He rounded the turn, he seemed to derive a little strength from the sight of the tape ahead; and we in the press box had our first good sight of him, since none but his team mates and a few British experts had thought much of Mc-

Arthur before. Round-barreled, fine-legged, with the clean-cut, regular countenance of the athletic Celt under his coating of yellow dust and white foam—how could we have overlooked that build? A committeeman ran out and threw over his shoulders the wreath of an Olympic victor. Through our glasses we saw him smile heavily, as though even that recognition were an effort. Then, entering the stretch, he wobbled again. Had the wreath been dropped too soon? Was this to be a Dorando finish? Perhaps he thought of that himself. He moderated his pace to a trot somewhat slower than a walk, he broke the tape, he took but one step on to the grass before the royal box, and sank down shoulder first, with the motion of one who loves the touch of earth more than the sight of kings.

Before the little Englishman and the Colonials could sound one concerted British cheer over the thirty thousand individual noises, the crowd at the gates had flurried again, and another dusty green uniform, clothing another dead weary South African, had emerged from the gates. As he approached the finish, and while the British cheered in concert for the first time, Johnnie Hallahan saw that which inspired his husky voice and sent his baton arm moving like a pump handle to the rhythm of the American yell. Out of the gates had come a splashed white uniform and a barred shield. Strobinio, the Swiss-American machinist from Paterson, who never ran a Marathon before, had beaten our Indians and our Celts; he was crawling home with a point inside the money.

After which, the Americans broke international courtesy all to smash. The rooting section had been requested by the committeemen to cheer only for the United States and for our Swedish hosts. Once earlier in the meet they had given a cheer for pathetic, popular little Finland; and the polite request became almost a stern command. Nothing could hold them now; and when the noise for Strobinio had died away, the "University Club" rose almost spontaneously and declared itself:

"Rah-rah-ray!
U. S. A!
A-M-E-R-I-C-A!
South Africa!"

Perhaps McArthur, going off the field in the arms of his team mates, appreciated this final, undiplomatic tribute. More probably he did not. His limbs drooped dead toward the ground, and his head, still spattered by the foam of his hot twenty-five miles, lolled on his shoulder with the expression of a man to whom even the weight of laurels is heavy.

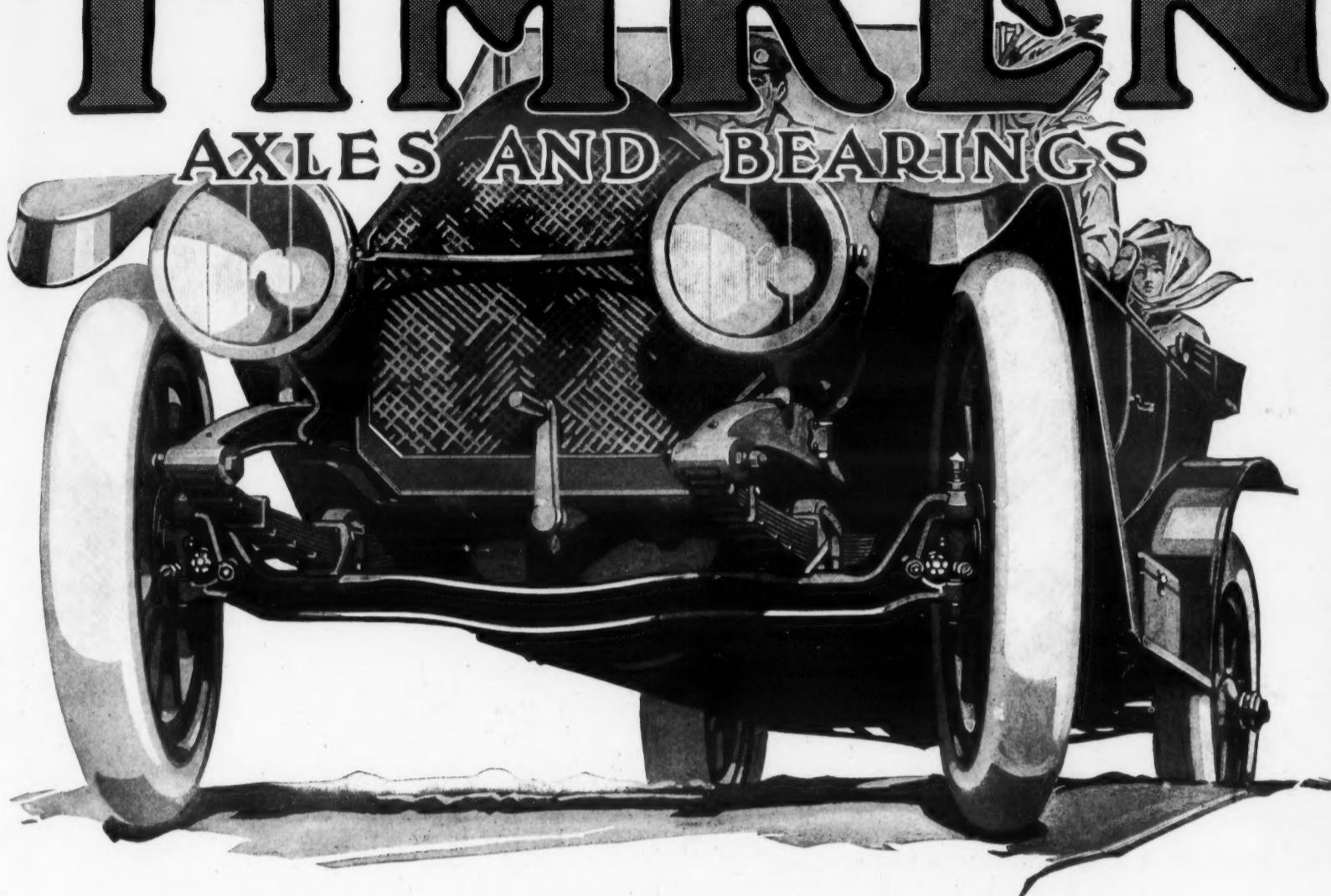
THE TRAGEDY OF THE RACE

WE heard more particulars next day; and the news started in us that afterthought of humanity which comes when the first mischief cannot be corrected. Joe Forshaw, running with the pack seven miles out, had seen the Portuguese, Lazaro, drop like a rock fifty feet ahead. He and a Hungarian had lain dying in a field hospital all that night. The Hungarian pulled over the ridge somehow, but the Portuguese-trained perhaps on the loose methods of the Latins—succumbed. A Frenchman cried hysterically all the last two miles of his wobbling course. Scarcely one of our own better-trained men but admitted hallucinations akin to delirium. Lilly, for example, begged the soldiers along the route not to kill him, and asked every runner he met to stop and walk with him—the while he loped on and on. Strobinio, when he finished, could not make himself stop running. The officials had to pull him from the track. Ryan, approaching the turn, met McArthur, the winner, coming back. He was dropping ropes of foam from his mouth—"he scared me like a mad dog," said Ryan.

Athletic tradition holds that there is only one good Marathon in one man. That isn't literally true, but it approaches truth. Which means just this: The strain of winning is so great as to crack the reservoir of inner strength. The man is never again the same. The tragedy of Stockholm, 1912, raises the question whether this is legitimate sport; whether the delight of the crowds in it be not akin to the old joy in gladiatorial shows—love of a game tinged with the thrill of pain. If Greek tradition be true, it killed the first man who ran the course; and there is death in it still.

TIMKEN

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Human Safety Comes First

Up over the rocks and ruts of the hills; down through the sand and mud of the valleys; veering round corners, spurting ahead—

Pleasure, satisfaction, a feeling of security—can only come with reliance on good axles and bearings.

Safety—to you and to those who ride in your car—is a prime consideration in a motor car. Nothing can compare in importance with human safety.

Good Axles are the Foundation of Motor-Car Safety

Whatever the speed or whatever the road, the axles must stand up to the stresses and shocks—

Not most of the time but all—over every foot of the trip.

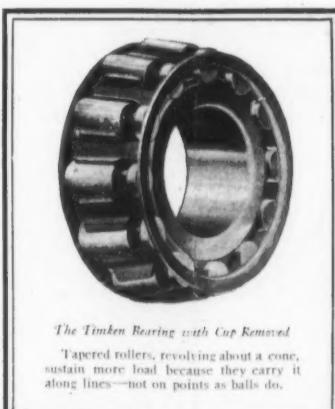
Timken-Detroit Axles are doing this under thousands of cars built by more than a hundred noted American manufacturers.

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First, the great Timken-Detroit organization, now over a thousand men, began its study of axles in the early days when there were no automobiles.

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Third, Timken experience has been uniformly successful—with horse-drawn vehicles, in the early automobiles, under the first motor-trucks, and today, in all classes of cars.



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One of the greatest reasons for the uniform success of Timken-Detroit Axles is the fact that they are equipped solely with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

Bearings that can carry greatest vertical load—that can, at the same time, sustain all the side pressure—

Bearings that offer greatest possible resistance to wear—and that can be easily adjusted to perfectly take up minute wear.

Bearings whose correctness of principle and whose practical efficiency are so widely recognized that they are used in the wheels and other places of the cars made by a large majority of all car-builders in the United States and by many leading Foreign makers as well.

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